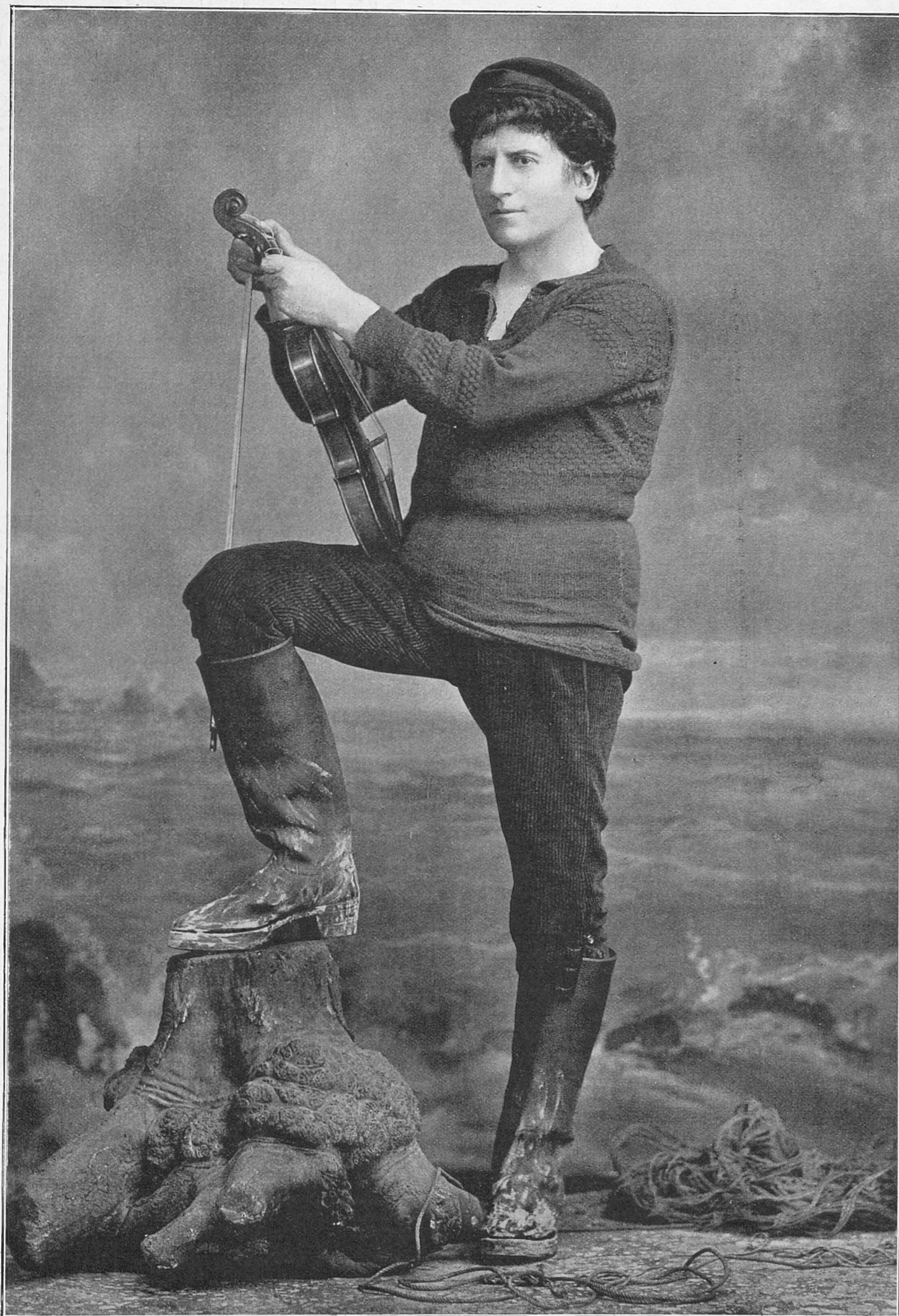


THE SKETCH.

No. 88.—VOL. VII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS PETE IN "THE MANXMAN,"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIVERPOOL.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. Mr. Chamberlain had a great field-day in Leeds. He began by addressing a conference of the Yorkshire Liberal Unionist Federation, declaring that Home Rule was absolutely unpopular with the people of Great Britain. In the evening he spoke in the Colosseum, and denounced the attack being made, notably in Leeds, on the House of Lords.—At the Sanitary Institute Congress in Liverpool, the ladies held a conference on domestic hygiene.—The yearly dinner commemorating the relief of Lucknow in 1857 by the force under Havelock and Outram was held in the Hôtel Métropole, Sir William Olpherts presiding.—The Princess of Wales arrived at Aberdeen in the royal yacht Osborne from Copenhagen, and left for Balmoral.—A large gathering of men employed at Woolwich was held outside the Arsenal gates to protest against the wholesale discharging of workmen from the Royal Arsenal by the present Government.—The Earl of Cavan has been created a Knight of St. Patrick, in the room of the late Marquis of Headfort.—Mr. Henry Herman, the dramatist and novelist, is dead. He was about sixty years of age, and was educated for the Army in a military college in Alsace. He was the first to introduce Ibsen to the English public, for, collaborating with Mr. H. A. Jones, he adapted "A Doll's House." He also wrote "The Silver King" with Mr. Jones, and "Claudian" with Mr. Wilson Barrett.—The Emperor William, on leaving Thorn, is reported to have said to the Burgomaster, regarding his Majesty's speech about the Poles, "What I have said to-day may well be borne in mind. I can also be very disagreeable."

Wednesday. Lord Rosebery and the Duke of Sutherland were presented with the freedom of Dornoch, and in a characteristic speech the Premier skipped from strikes to golf, in which, however, striking also plays a part. He spoke of Mr. Balfour as an acolyte to golf, and praised Dornoch links. The Premier and the Duke afterwards went to Tain, the freedom of which was also conferred on them.—Mr. Chamberlain was entertained at a breakfast in the Leeds Town Hall by the local Unionist Club. He said it was the duty of the Unionist party first to formulate, then sincerely to undertake and to promote, a living policy of social and domestic reform, for which he held that party to be peculiarly fitted, both by its composition and its traditions.—The Duchess of Devonshire laid the memorial-stone of a new church at Eastbourne. The Duke, who has given the site and £5000 towards the cost of the building, eulogised the Church of England as one of the most powerful agencies for raising the intellectual and moral standard of the character of the people.—Mr. Henry Irving delivered his inaugural address as President of the Walsall Literary Institute. He pleaded for the establishment of a theatre by every municipality, by which means he believed the true drama would be successfully upheld, as distinguished from miscellaneous entertainments which had no connection with it.—The loss of traffic to the three leading Scottish railways during the thirteen weeks of the miners' strike has been £331,933.—An Italian was convicted at the Paris Assizes of having forged Bank of England post bills to an enormous amount, and was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.—M. Zankoff has been elected to the Sobranje by a large majority, and he estimates that 150 of the members will be in favour of reconciliation with Russia.—Further details, coming from Shanghai, are given of the recent naval engagement between China and Japan. In comparison with the Japanese, the Chinese fire was painfully feeble and ineffective, but, although the men sometimes appeared bewildered, they worked bravely and cheerfully, considering the circumstances.—A Chinese warship has seized the British steamer Pathan in the Formosa Channel, on suspicion of her carrying munitions of war. The Japanese are embarking a new army of 30,000 men, which will be under the command of the Minister for War. Its destination is kept secret, and that fact is causing great alarm in China.

Thursday. Lord Armstrong, speaking at a meeting of the shareholders of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., said that the recent naval engagement in the East had made it quite apparent that, while swift cruisers were undoubtedly the best for protecting commerce and for scouting and patrolling services, they were also capable of acting with effect in pitched combats when battleships were opposed to them.—The Hon. W. L. Wilson, the author of the American Tariff Bill, was entertained at dinner by the London Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Wilson spoke of the utter incompetence of the economic dogma of protection. His Bill was the first and most difficult step in a revolution which would in future go forward by its own impetus, and the result would be ultimate industrial supremacy for the United States.—A conference of the British Miners' Federation was held in Edinburgh to consider the Scotch strike. The Scotch delegates declared the advisability of continuing it.—Mr. Chamberlain, in opening a bazaar on behalf of the West Birmingham Liberal Unionist Club, claimed to be a real representative of labour, seeing that he was member for a constituency in which four-fifths of the electors were working men. He insisted on the value of self-help as well as mutual help.—Miss C. R. Raine, of Woodstock, Ryde, and Brighton, who died on June 19, leaving personal estate to the amount of over £86,000, bequeaths an estate in the parish of Wolvercot, Oxfordshire, to Lord Randolph Churchill, in recognition of his commanding political genius, and of favours and benefits derived from the Marlborough estates by the testatrix's father. Miss Raine makes provision to the extent of £12 a year each for the maintenance of a number of cats.—

In consequence of the scenes at the recent bull-fights at Nîmes, the Prefect, by order of M. Dupuy, has prohibited the continuance of these spectacles, much to the disgust of the district.—The Queensland liner Dorunda (3136 tons), homeward bound from Brisbane, has been wrecked off Peniche, on the Portuguese coast.—The Queen and the Queen-Regent of Holland paid a visit to the town of Alkmaar, in North Holland. They met with an enthusiastic reception, and were entertained at luncheon in the Military Academy. The Queen-Regent said that she felt every confidence that the institution would serve to promote the interests of the Fatherland.—A religious sect in Corea, who form a large tribe, have attacked the Japanese in the south of the kingdom, and troops are being sent against them. A report comes from Shanghai that the Japanese had made a simultaneous attack upon two places on the Chinese coast and been repulsed.

Friday. The Scotch miners' strike is to be continued, for at the British Miners' Federation meeting in Edinburgh a resolution was passed recognising the absolute necessity of keeping on the strike until the Federation terms were conceded—namely, a restoration of half the reduction of one shilling, and a two years' guarantee, and it was agreed to secure for the Scotch miners all possible support over the area of the British Federation.—The Bristol Town Council resolved to confer the freedom of the city on Lord Rosebery on the occasion of his visit to unveil the statue of Burke presented to the town by Sir W. H. Wills.—The Queen has appointed Lord Edward William Pelham-Clinton to be Master of her Household in succession to the late Sir John Cowell. Lord Edward, who is about fifty-eight, has served in the Army, in Parliament, and at Court.—The Queen's Theatre at Longton was burned down this morning.—A fire has occurred at Viscount Portman's seat, Hestercombe, near Taunton.—The Emperor of China, who had been informed that the Japanese fleet was crippled at the battle of Yalu, is furious now that he has discovered the truth. The complete overthrow of Li Hung Chang is believed to be imminent. It is expected that the captain of the Chinese cruiser Kwang-Kai will be beheaded for cowardice. He ran his ship on the rocks in an attempt to escape an attack by the enemy.—The population of Western Australia has increased 64 per cent. during the past four years.

Saturday. The long-expected Report of the Commissioners on the Unification of London was issued as a Parliamentary paper this morning. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the government of London must be entrusted to one body, with a series of strong local bodies, of which the present Corporation, recast on the lines of the County Council, would be but one. The whole area of the present administrative County of London would in future be called the City of London, and the present City would be called the Old City. The new governing body, to be incorporated under the name of the Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of London, would thus succeed the present Corporation of the Old City and the County Council. Londoners had another excitement to-day in the election of a Lord Mayor. The event is usually a walk-over, the next alderman in rotation in point of seniority being chosen to succeed the retiring Lord Mayor. Sir Joseph Renals, who was senior candidate, had been connected with a number of unsuccessful companies, and a dead-set was made against him, so Mr. Faudel Phillips was nominated with Sir Joseph, and a poll will take place.—It was officially stated that the Czar is suffering from disease of the kidneys, and that during the cold season he must stay in a warm climate. He has gone to Livadia.—Li Hung Chang is to take the field in person against the Japanese. One report says that the Chinese have evacuated Corea.—The Cunarder Lucania has made the record western passage in 5 days 7 hours 48 minutes.

Sunday. The Czar's illness has caused much excitement and many wild rumours on the Continent. It appears that he is suffering from Bright's disease in an advanced stage, while at Vienna it is reported that he has two diseases—neurasthenia and anæmia.—The monument which the Italian admirers of Shelley have erected at Viareggio, where his body was washed ashore seventy years ago, was unveiled with great ceremony this morning. The monument, which is 15 ft. high, faces the sea. The bust of Shelley, by which it is surmounted, represents the poet at the age of twenty-nine. On the side of the pedestal away from the sea is a book, bearing on its cover the word "Prometeo." Above this is the following inscription: "1894. To P. B. Shelley; Heart of Hearts; in 1822 drowned in this sea, consumed by fire on this shore, where he meditated the addition to 'Prometheus Unbound' of a posthumous page, in which every generation would have a token of its struggles, its tears, and its redemption."

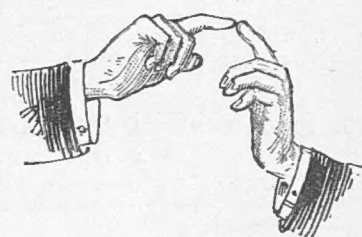
Monday. To-day the world has completed exactly 5655 years of existence. So say the Children of Israel.—It was reported that M. Decrais had resigned his post of French Ambassador in England. He will probably be succeeded by Baron de Courcel.—The revenue for the past quarter and half-year show increases of £819,894 and £1,725,319 on the figures for the corresponding dates last year.—Nana's stronghold on the Benin River has been stormed by a British force from H.M.S. Philomel. Nana took to flight, and in the town, which was taken by the British without loss, were seventy-five cannon and a large quantity of ammunition.—The appeal against the order for the extradition of Jabez Balfour is expected to be heard this week.—The Chinese troops are massed thirty miles west of the Yalu River. The reserves of the Japanese Imperial Guard are said to have been called out.

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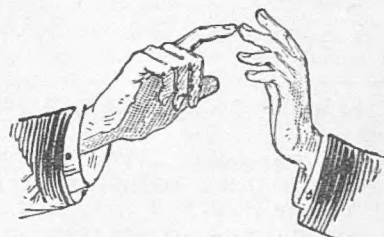
Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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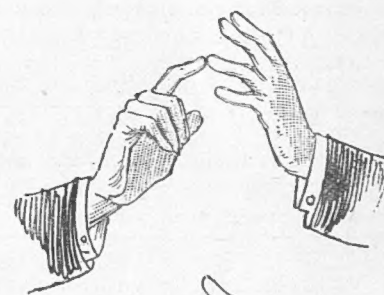
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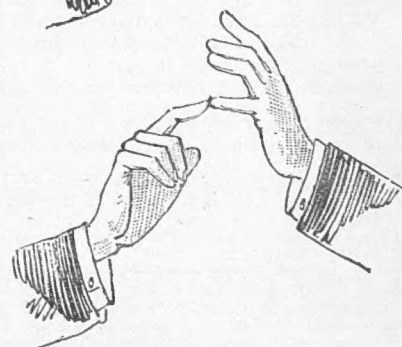
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OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY.—This Company has been formed to acquire and work the "Coongan" Mine, situated in the Pilbara District, Western Australia. This property has the advantage of being a going concern, equipped with plant, and already proved to a depth of 121 ft. The Company will also prospect, acquire, develop, and work gold, precious stones, and other valuable mineral properties in Western Australia.

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY.—The property consists of an 18-acre gold mining lease, held under the West Australian Gold Mining Act direct from the Government, and is situated on the Marble Bar Goldfield, in the North-Western District, close to the Coongan River. The Mine is fully equipped with plant and machinery capable of treating 100 tons of ore a week, nearly £10,000 having been spent by the present owners in opening up and developing the mine and erecting plant. There are three well-defined reefs on the property, one of which has been proved over 1000 ft. in length, to a depth of 121 ft., and averages from 4 ft. to 7 ft. in width. There are also several counter lodes intersecting these reefs at right angles.

QUALITY OF ORE.—WATER AND TIMBER SUPPLY.—The ore is free milling, there is a good supply of water, and timber is plentiful—all matters of the highest importance in securing economical working. Over 1000 tons of ore have been extracted from the Mine, which have given over two ounces to the ton, while a large quantity of ore from the No. 2 reef has given four to five ounces. The following cablegrams, which have lately been received from Mr. A. S. Roe, solicitor to the Union Bank of Australia (Roebourne Branch), explain the present position of the works: "July 4, 1894.—Coongan Mine has developed a large body of high-grade ore; 500 tons milled gave over two ounces per ton." "Aug. 3, 1894.—Reef proved to a depth of over 121 ft. The width of the reef is five feet. Stone averages two ounces of gold to the ton. The Mine looks splendid." "Aug. 28, 1894.—Coongan. This week's run, 100 tons; result, 230 ounces." The following cable report, dated Sept. 15, 1894, has been received at the London offices of this Company from Mr. Neil Galbraith and Mr. J. Church, the Mine Manager, who have just returned to Roebourne from a visit to the property: "Coongan Mine Lode, 7 ft. Estimate of ore reserves, 153,000 tons. Over 1000 treated, 2 oz. per ton. The loss in tailings in consequence of there being no concentration works, 50 per cent. The shaft has been sunk 100 ft. Water in any quantity obtainable; expenditure, £200. New pump boiler engine, 40-horse power; two Huntington centrifugal roller quartz mills are in good working order—can crush 100 tons per week. Large stock tools and fittings."

VALUE OF ANNUAL PRODUCTION AND ORE RESERVES.—The intention of the Directors is to increase the present milling capacity to 250 tons weekly at once, in accordance with the recommendation of their engineer, and to add thereto as the Mine opens up. From the last cable reports it will be seen that there is enough ore reserves to last ten years, even when the capacity of the crushing plant is doubled as proposed. Taking this as worth only one ounce per ton (less than half the value of the 1000 tons crushed to date), the value of the quartz is considerably over half a million sterling. Even at the present rate of working and yield the gold produced will give a gross value of £45,000 per annum, which, after deducting ample working expenses, should leave a very large margin for dividends.

REPORTS.—The foregoing statements are based on the reports and information of Mr. Neil Galbraith; Mr. Emil Haaben, Mining Engineer and Assayer, late Manager, Clyde Chlorination and Smelting Works, Sydney; Mr. J. H. Church, Manager, Coongan Gold Mine; Mr. Samuel Barrell, Mine Manager, of Ballarat; Mr. A. F. Calvert, A.I.M.M., and others. The special attention of investors is directed to these reports, copies of which accompany the prospectus.

RIGHT TO MR. CALVERT'S DISCOVERIES, &c.—Besides the above property, the Directors have secured the right of acquiring several important discoveries made by Mr. A. F. Calvert in the course of his explorations, 1890 to 1893. The most valuable of these he purposes on his return to the Colony to secure on behalf of this Company, as also any others he may make in his further exploration of this auriferous district. These, when taken up, will become the property of the Company, and will add, it is expected, considerably to its resources and ultimate profits. It is not, however, the present intention of the Directors to work such properties themselves, but to dispose of them as opportunity offers, so that the Company will in reality become quoad these, a parent Company. Mr. Calvert, who is recognised as one of the leading authorities in connection with the exploration of Western Australia, has such confidence in the future of this undertaking that he stipulates that the consideration for his discoveries shall be in fully paid-up shares only. He has also declined many offers and inducements to associate himself with other West Australian companies in order to keep himself free, so as to give his whole energies to further the interests of the undertaking, which he expects will take a foremost position in one of the greatest and richest goldfields ever discovered.

PURCHASE PRICE, &c.—The price to be paid for the "Coongan" Mine and the Calvert Discoveries as above, is £73,500, payable as to £8500 in cash, and as to the balance in fully paid-up shares. The purchase will include all plant and machinery, and all ore at surface. In the opinion of the Directors, this Company presents an opportunity to investors in the gold-mining industry of a new colony which seldom occurs, as with the plant and machinery now at work, it ought quickly to become a dividend-earning concern. The Vendors, or one of them, will pay the expenses of and incidental to the promotion and formation of the Company up to and including the first general allotment of its shares, including brokerage, if any, but excluding Government stamp duties.

CONTRACTS, &c.—The only contracts to which the Company is a party are as follows—(1) A contract, dated the 18th day of August, 1894, between John Wallace of the one part, and William Milligan, as Trustee for the Company, of the other part; and (2) a contract, dated the 28th August, 1894, between Albert F. Calvert of the one part, and William Milligan, as Trustee for the Company, of the other part. Contracts may have been entered into with third parties as to the formation and registration of this Company, but to none such is the Company a party. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have had notice of these latter agreements, and to have waived their right (if any) to any particulars of such, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act 1867, or otherwise. Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, of the above two contracts, and of the various reports, together with plans and specimens of ore from the property, may be seen at the Edinburgh and London offices of the Company.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors, and at the Edinburgh and London offices of the Company; or applications written according to the following form may be lodged.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £—, being 2s. 6d. per share, payable on application for — shares of £1 each, I request you to allot me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms and conditions of the prospectus, dated Sept. 27, 1894, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise and request you to place my name on the register of members in respect of the shares so allotted to me; and I undertake to pay the further instalments upon such allotted shares as the same shall become due.

Usual Signature.....
Name (in full Mr., Mrs., or Miss).....
Address (in full).....
Profession or Occupation.....
Date..... 1894.

ROUND THE THEATRES.

When Mrs. Anna Ruppert presented herself last May in "Camille" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, although it seemed absurdly audacious for her to choose a play in which Duse was just about to appear, some of the critics dealt kindly with her. They "let her down gently," and politely suggested that she might, with study, be acceptable in a different class of part. Her production of "Odette" shows that the critics' forbearance was a mistaken kindness. If they had bluntly said that she had everything to learn and much to unlearn, and that she showed no signs of aptitude for the stage, they would have told the truth, and, perhaps, been spared "Odette." It was a dreary affair, because the actress had been so well drilled that she was not even amusingly bad.

The play is curiously unsatisfactory. Some of those people who speak of Sardou's later works as merely pieces built round an actress pretend that in his earlier plays he showed himself a real dramatist. Certainly, so far as "Patrie" is concerned, or "Divorçons," his ability to produce very clever works of art is incontestable; yet "Odette," although by no means a one-part play, nor even a catchpenny piece, is full of vital errors that render it wearisome. The inconvenient term, "problem play," has been applied to it just as it lately was to "La Femme de Claude," and even more inexactly. In it no question is fathomed, or even discussed.

Yet something like a problem is started and promptly stifled. Treating it as a French piece, it may be said that in a fashion it deals with the difficulties created by indissoluble marriages, and, therefore, had some meaning till 1884, when the divorce law was passed; but this aspect, of course, does not present itself when we deal with a Lord and Lady Henry Trevene. Moreover, curiously enough, the subject is avoided by the fact that there was no case. The French, more logical than we, treat attempts at a crime that are not hindered by *force majeure* as equivalent to the crime, but will not grant a divorce for a mere effort at a breach of the Seventh Commandment. Now, it happens that the husband is in time to prevent his actual dishonour.

Unfortunately, the husband is not altogether to one's taste. He plays a practical joke—"ungentlemanly trick"—is generally a true equivalent term—and catches his wife napping—or, rather, too wide awake; but before he has any proof of her guilt, or knows more than one suspicious fact that might be explained away without a Mrs. Erlynne skill being needed, he treats her as guilty and sends away her child. People so easily convinced of their dishonour are rather displeasing. A curious adaptation difficulty occurs in the play. In France it is not unnatural that a young man should ask the father for the daughter's hand, and even seek for his mother's consent before the girl is spoken to; what, however, does one think of a young Irishman who proposes to her papa and has battles with his mamma about his engagement as a preliminary to seeing whether the girl will accept him?

There seems no need to say more about Mrs. Anna Ruppert in Modjeska's old part. Mr. Charles Warner replaces Mr. Bancroft. No doubt the actor felt that the robust style which has won him popularity would not do as the hapless aristocrat, but the result of his restraint was rather comical—it was even trying when he spoke in whispers of suppressed emotion during almost all a long scene. However, even if he was not the right man for the part, he was for the theatre, and he got nearly all the applause of the evening. Pretty Miss Ettie Williams acted charmingly as Odette's daughter, and Miss Brinsley Sheridan made something of Lady Walker by her liveliness. One can but express regret that Messrs. Bernard Gould and H. Flemming had so little to do.

When, in his interview with Mr. Brander Matthews about the state of American drama, Mr. William Archer spoke of Hoyt as a dramatist whose name was new to him, not only did he evoke indignation at his ignorance of the illustrious Charles Hoyt, but he contrived to give a capital advertisement to "A Trip to Chinatown," the new piece at Toole's. By accident, in a chat with one of our popular young actors, I learnt that he is a great admirer of Hoyt, but he remarked that his plays must be seen in America; like the mangosteen, or the banana, or Italian wines, they will not stand transportation, and when you get them in England the aroma has gone. Of course, it is difficult for the untravelled man to offer an opinion on the subject: all that he can say is that, to deserve their reputation, the mangosteen, banana, Italian wines, and Hoyt plays must have a very different flavour in their native land from that which they offer in London.

In saying this I do not pretend that "A Trip to Chinatown" is not an amusing medley of song and dance, with occasional intrusion of plot and dialogue. All that I complain of is the lack of individuality. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of laughter in the piece. Mr. R. G. Knowles, as a malingerer, played with subtle humour. Mr. Welland Strong is funny in his well-known way, though his comic business lacks variety; his songs and dances, of course, were well received. Moreover, Mr. H. de Lange is very amusing as Mr. Ben Gay, a vain, irascible, old bachelor; he, however, never plays a part without success. There is a plot concerning a visit to a China Ball at Covent Garden; but since one finds that the less there is of a plot the longer is the space required for an account of it, I will leave it untold.

Among those who contributed to the pleasure of an entertainment that proved thoroughly to the taste of most of the house were the old favourite, Miss Edith Bruce, and the popular Miss Clara Jecks, both of whom worked as gaily as can be; indeed, it was a song and dance by the lady beloved at the Adelphi which proved the hit of the evening.

"Truthful James," with which Miss Santley was to reopen the Royalty Theatre last night, is a comedy from the pen of Mr. James Mortimer, the author of "Gloriana," and Mr. Charles Klein, and was produced at Great Yarmouth last week. The story introduces quite a variety of characters, from the enterprising bookmaker and his "gulls" to the clients of a matrimonial agency, the individual representing the title-part being a past master at perverting the truth. There is a dashing young widow, Mrs. Roseby, in the piece, and this part is played by Miss Mary Allestree. Though she has made her reputation in the provinces, Miss Allestree is not new to London, for it was at the Strand Theatre, in a *matinée* of "The Love Story," on May 23, 1888, that she made her first stage appearance. In the following September she was engaged by Mr. Wilson Barrett to play the part of Mrs. Dixon in "The Golden Ladder." After that followed a course of admirable training in legitimate drama, first in the Compton Comedy Company,



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MISS MARY ALLESTREE.

then in Mr. F. R. Benson's service, and then again with Mr. Edward Compton, who engaged Miss Allestree to play seconds. In January, 1893, she joined Miss Kate Vaughan for juvenile lead, and in August of that year was engaged by Mr. Ben Greet for Lady Henry Fairfax in "Diplomacy" and similar parts. Miss Allestree played leading parts in two new pieces given at a *matinée* at the Avenue Theatre last July.

The most interesting item in the German company's *répertoire* during the week has been another of Anzengruber's plays, "Der Meineidbauer." Simple and powerful like the *Volksstück* "Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld," by the same author, produced in the previous week, it is far more sombre and less introspective. It is a study of a certain sordid aspect of rustic life. Mathias Ferner was a farmer. His brother died, leaving two illegitimate children, Jacob and Vroni. Mathias swore there was no will, and the orphans were kept out of their farm for eight years. But he had written a letter acknowledging that the property had been left to them, and this epistle turns up during the course of the play. The old man, miserly, cruel, and superstitious, is driven to desperation, during which he tries to shoot his son Franz, who declines to be a party to his father's wickedness. The play ends by Franz marrying Vroni, and thus sharing the farm, while the old man dies in his terror at a ghost story, told by an old woman, which, like the play in "Hamlet," serves to accuse him of the murder of his son, which he thought he had committed. "Der Meineidbauer" was admirably acted, especially by Herr Cäsar Beck in the title-part.

"In Germany one has to get accustomed to the voice of the prompter—a sound practically unknown in London, except in one or two houses on first nights." This sentence occurs in the course of an article on "Stage Art of To-Day" in the current issue of the *Theatre*, which Mr. Frederick Hawkins, who once more assumes command, has made very interesting. The article is a plea for our noble selves in the theatres; while the writer hesitates to answer directly the question where the English school of acting now stands as compared with the schools of other countries, he declares that it has, at least, no superior. A proof of its importance is the number of theatres devoted to work of the very highest kind, modern and classical, and the quality of acting is as good as the quantity. He contrasts the magnificent mounting of plays in London with the "centre opening" doors right and left, and on each side of the stage a table or chairs, as seen in Sardou's scene plots. But "England has no provincial theatres; it has only provincial companies," though the tastes of provincial playgoers are kept up to the mark by the visits of London managers. "Germany, on the other hand, has many provincial towns with excellent companies, which do a great work year in and year out." A visit to the Opéra Comique will convince anybody of this statement.



Photo by J. Hawke, Plymouth.

MISS BELLE HARCOURT IN "DON JUAN."

Probably no man of our days has caused so much laughter in London as Mr. Arthur Roberts. Naturally, then, his appearance as Claude Duval was greeted with the heartiest applause, while at the end of the evening people paraphrased the remarks about Cleopatra: "Nor custom stale his infinite variety; other players cloy the appetites they feed, but he makes hungry where most he satisfies." Consequently, it does not matter vitally that the piece is weak and that the company is not very strong. No doubt, one would like to have the moments when the "star" is off the stage filled in a more exhilarating manner. Yet, since the gaiety, though intermittent, amounts to a sufficient quantity to leave a substantial balance to the good, Claude Duval may be called a success.

People went to see "our Arthur," and he did some very funny turns. His appearance as a barmaid suggested a profound study of the subject, and he gave a hundred feminine touches with infinite nicety. Perhaps one of his most remarkable gifts is his manner of mimicking with a subtle droll touch of caricature the manners of the sex of the future. When he appeared as Mrs. Popplewell in an elaborate demi-toilette, it would have been possible for the remote pittance to think he saw a real woman. His method of telling one of those shocking stories that are told in the drawing-room while the men are smoking below, and giving the "tuppence coloured" versions of them, was conducted throughout with such delicacy of touch that laughter came in interrupting roars.

Nor should one leave his sham French song unnoticed. Still dressed as Mrs. Popplewell, he took part in a duet in which he mimicked the airs and graces of a French music-hall singer so ingeniously that the manner of several ladies from Paris, who had appeared in our halls, came at once into mind. Moreover, he gave the sound of the French tongue so cleverly that one strained ears to catch a meaning where really there was none. It may be that this is not a lofty branch of art; one even resolves not to laugh, but such resolutions are futile. There is a life and activity of humour in him that is irresistible, and one has the pleasant feeling that he enjoys his work. As to the piece, it is hard to speak. No better task could be set to the young journalist than that of giving an account of the plot. Yet Messrs. Bowyer and Payne Nunn probably are not to be blamed. It is quite unlikely that they have such vivid fancy as to have imagined the incongruities that are introduced. When a comic idea occurs to Mr. Roberts, he uses it without regard to time or place; if it does not fit, then the piece must be brought into congruence with it; when that is impossible, incongruity must reign. Certainly, the lyrics are neater than some we have lately heard, and there are funny ideas in the book. Messrs. John Crook and Lionel Monckton have written pretty music, and some of their dance measures deserve to prove popular.

Miss Marie Halton's pleasant singing and lively manners got us through some rather heavy scenes; curiously enough, though she has faced London before as a principal, she appeared to be rather nervous. Mr. Charles Stevens played with some ability, and Mr. Fitzroy Morgan's performance as a seventeenth century "masher" had a cleverness that was not quite understood by many of the audience.

The appearance of Miss Letty Lind as heroine in "A Gaiety Girl" causes much curiosity, for the part demands some acting of a semi-pathetic character; while the singing and dancing of Miss Letty are famous, her acting might be called an unknown quantity. If she startled nobody by her playing, she yet deserved respect for the skill with which she got through even the most trying moments without letting the piece fall. At present she has hardly enough to do in her own line. She had a rather well-written duet in the first act, followed by a pleasing dance; then she took the entertainment *pas seul*, in which Miss Bachelor and Miss Maggie Gorst have won applause, and, of course, proved successful. Her best work, however, is in the new "Pierrette" song, which appears to owe something to the "Chinese Dolly." It is very pretty, and was sung with dainty ingenuity, and followed by a characteristic dance full of charm and merit.

A burlesque is an approach to perpetual motion. The text never settles down, and the process doesn't end when the piece leaves its original home on a London stage and goes into the suburbs or the country. It is always being changed. "Don Juan" was presented at the Elephant and Castle last week by Mr. H. H. Morell's company, with all the original scenery from the Gaiety, but with more than the Gaiety text, for Mr. J. T. Tanner had incorporated in his burlesque a new bathing scene, which is cleverly acted by Mr. Fred Eastman as Pedrillo, and Miss Belle Harcourt as Donna Isabella. It is a polyglot interpolation of the funniest character, consisting of an adventure in a bathing-machine—permissible in the Grecian Archipelago—a duet, a dance, and an extremely up-to-date burlesque of the idiosyncrasies of the lady barber and her victim.

Mr. Eastman is a comedian who in such cities as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow holds quite the front place for talent and "drawing" power, but he has also done plenty of good work on the London stage, notably with Miss Lydia Thompson, Lady Monckton, Sir Charles Young, and Miss Fortescue, and he has but lately returned from New York, whither he accompanied Mr. Oscar Barrett's company to play the Ugly Sister in the Lyceum production of "Cinderella." In feature and manner Mr. Eastman recalls to the playgoer the combined personalities of Mr. John Hare and Mr. Arthur Roberts; but he wisely refrains from basing his performance of Pedrillo on the lines of either of these excellent artists, and his success is the more accentuated.

Miss Belle Harcourt, who may be remembered as the original Lady Gwendoline of "In Town" at the Gaiety Theatre when that burlesque was produced, possesses the noteworthy qualities of style and neatness in her dramatic work. She has an extremely good contralto voice, which secured for her the part of Cicely in "Marjorie" under the management of the late Carl Rosa. Miss Harcourt has shared "leading business" in most of the past Gaiety burlesques whenever these have been sent on tour, and been heartily appreciated by a discerning public. In "Don Juan," however, she has achieved a popularity which might be envied by any of her sisters in burlesque.



Photo by J. Hawke, Plymouth.

MISS BELLE HARCOURT IN "DON JUAN."

THE LORDLY PHEASANT.

BY AN OLD POACHER.



nimble squirrel is busy laying up his store of hazel-nuts and beech-mast for the coming winter. Our woods are full of grey haze, pierced here and there by a shaft of autumn sunshine glinting through the tree-tops, now all aglow with the golden tints that speak of Nature's coming sleep.

It is October the First. Armies of bawling beaters are abroad; rabbits are scurrying hither and thither, and the lordly pheasant is paying tribute to thousands of sportsmen for the lavish expenditure bestowed upon him during the last six months.

It is supposed that pheasants were first introduced into this country by the Romans during the time they held sway, and that they were procured from the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, where the original stock is still to be found in all its purity. Spain and Portugal are the only European countries where its acclimatisation has proved unsuccessful.

During the reign of Edward I. the price of a pheasant was fourpence, a mallard three-halfpence, a plover one penny, and a couple of woodcocks three-halfpence, so that, after making all due allowance for the difference in the purchasing value of money, the bird still holds its position as a table delicacy.

Thomas à Becket had pheasant for dinner on the day of his assassination, and one of his monks has placed it on record that "he dined more heartily and cheerfully that day than usual."

From a natural history point of view, the bird supplies many curious problems and interesting facts for our consideration. Countries liberally wooded and watered are essential to its well-being, and, contrary to what its appearance might suggest, it can swim with considerable facility.

The cock is a polygamist, and when "his fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love" in the springtime he gathers round him six or eight hens, wherewith to form his little harem. During the early part of the breeding season he will roost near his wives, and show considerable attention and spirit in their defence, but, strangely enough, as soon as the eggs are laid, he suddenly turns cold and indifferent, and leaves all the domestic trials and troubles connected with the hatching and rearing of his offspring to their mothers. In justice to the bird, it must, however, be mentioned that in a wild state he is not a polygamist. His size and difference of plumage have enabled the sportsman to kill his sex off and spare the hens, thus reducing fighting, but ruining his morals.

Pheasants nest upon the ground, but occasionally odd places are chosen, such as the top of a hayrick or an old squirrel's drey. From ten to fourteen eggs are laid, and a very strange provision of Nature for the protection of the hen while sitting is shown in the fact that during this period she ceases to throw off the usual odoriferous exhalations from her body, thus ensuring a highly-desirable degree of safety, by creating no scent to betray her presence to prowling dogs, foxes, cats, weasels, and other ground vermin.

Two, and even three, birds will upon occasion lay in the same nest, and many instances have been recorded of partridges and pheasants depositing their eggs in each other's nests, but whether by accident or design is, of course, unknown.

Pheasants have often been guilty of inter-breeding with domestic fowls and other birds, and specimens are sometimes shot of females that have assumed the male plumage. These are called "mules" by sportsmen.

The bird is capable of doing a lot of damage in gardens, but on the credit side of the account it may be mentioned that it kills an enormous number of injurious insects. In proof of this, as many as 1200 wire-worms have been taken out of the crop of a single individual. It is even a "mouser," as it has been known to choke itself by attempting the somewhat owlish feat of swallowing a short-tailed field-mouse.

Pheasants are capable of sustaining themselves in flight a deal farther than most people would imagine. A distance of four miles has been



PTARMIGAN SHOOTING IN SWEDEN: LUNCHEON TIME.

accomplished without resting, and a year or two back an old cock dashed through a large pane of glass in the window of a country-house. It was supposed that a mirror on the far side of the room into which he flew had led him to believe he saw an inviting spinney in front of him.

Different members of the family have been imported into New Zealand, where, like most other things taken over there and turned loose, they have multiplied with marvellous rapidity.

Poachers are said to levy tithe on pheasant preserves in a great number of ways, many of which belong to the regions of romance rather than that of practice. Among some of the dodges they are credited with carrying into effect may be mentioned—lighting brimstone on calm evenings under the trees where birds are roosting, and thus suffocating them, until they drop off their perches with a resounding thump; steeping grain in strong spirits and feeding them upon it, afterwards quietly wringing the necks of all those that lie around dead drunk; steeping peas in water and running short bristles through them, and then feeding the birds on the preparation, which sticks in the throat and produces suffocation; feeding the birds periodically at a given spot, and suddenly turning a gamecock among them, armed with sharp steel spurs, with which he quickly inflicts fatal wounds on all male pheasants minded to try conclusions with him; shooting them off their roosts on windy nights, with air-guns, catapults and leaden bullets, and short barrelled shot-guns, underloaded for the purpose; trapping, netting, snaring, and so on. Personally, I have never attempted any means except single-handed gunning on the outskirts of preserves.

FRAU DR. OLIVINE HEINOLD-THOMANN.

It was once said—probably by some cross-grained, bad-tempered man—that women have no sense of humour. The point, of course, does not need confuting, but if in any self-satisfied masculine mind the idea still lingers, I should advise him to pay a visit to the Opéra Comique and see Frau Dr. Heinold-Thomann, the celebrated German *comédienne*.

If Frau Thomann can be amusing on the stage, she is doubly so off, and the half hour I spent with her one gloomy, suicidal day made life seem cheerful, the future bright, and even the depressing misery of a drenching London day supportable.

"Are you always as cheerful as this?" I asked enviously, after I had listened with interest to a witty account of her battles with the lodging-house fiend in this land of strangers.

"Not quite always, *mein Fräulein*," she answered, slipping back into the vigorous language of her native land; "but," with a smile, "it comes natural to me to jest and laugh. There is always a funny side to things, if you can but see it."

"Comedy is so clearly your line that I suppose you never played anything else?" I asked.

"When I first made my *début* in Dresden, at the early age of sixteen, I appeared as the sentimental, naïve young heroine," she answered; "indeed, it was quite an accident that changed my career and made me take to comedy. Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, please!" I cried, with all the eagerness of a child for a new story.

"Well, I was playing one night, soon after my *début*, when the 'heavy father' of the piece, who wore a long peruke, powdered and tied up behind with black ribbon, in some unaccountable way suddenly lost his wig, and stood there confronting me, with his own large, bald head shining in the glare of the footlights like a brightly-polished gas-globe. The audience tittered; the pathos went to the winds; they laughed; they roared. The sight of that bald head and the poor man's look of utter dismay as he clutched madly for his lost wig overcame them altogether. One could not hear one's self speak. Oh, as long as I live I shall never forget my feelings as I stood there! It was funny! At last the absurdity of the whole thing was too much for me, and, utterly forgetting the sentimental young lady I was portraying, I made one step towards the peruke, and, picking it up by the end of its long pigtail, I handed it with a deep bow to its owner. That tickled the audience; they shouted with laughter, and every time that the unfortunate man tried to speak and go on with the play they burst out again into inextinguishable peals of merriment. We had to let down the curtain and give them time to recover. Ah!"—leaning back in her chair and drawing a long breath—"how well I remember it all! My manager was mad, furious; he stormed at me; but the next morning, when I stood trembling before him, instead of the scolding I had expected, he took me kindly by the hand and said, 'Take my advice, *Olivinchen*: drop the sentimental heroines and go in for comedy; you were made for it, and if you work hard you will do great things, I am sure.' I took his advice, and from that time on I played the soubrette parts in most of the well-known plays in all the principal towns of Germany."

"Then you left Dresden?"

"Yes; after a while I went to Oldenburg, to the Hof Theater. The Grand Duke liked my acting, and helped me on in every way he could. After that, I played in Berlin, Königsberg, Dresden, Posen, and Cologne. Oh, those were happy days, and I loved my parts!"

"And then?" I queried.

"Oh, then I went to New York, and played in the German Theatre there for a while. But I did not stay long, although the people were quite mad about me. They followed me in the street, and used to stop and ask me when I was going to play again. Then I toured round the States, and wound up with a visit to San Francisco."

"And there?" I asked.

"Oh, there—well, there I met my husband, and was married."

She paused. There were hundreds of questions absolutely burning on my tongue, but, feeling my curiosity was hardly legitimate, I waited.

"Now," she said, with a laugh, as she looked across at me, and divined my curiosity, "you ask me no questions?"

"But I want to know," I answered; "that is, of course, as much as you will tell me."

"Well, I left the stage when I married, and settled down at San Francisco, where my husband edited a German paper. Dr. Thomann was a genius; you may think that I am prejudiced, but out in America and over in Germany his 'History of California' is justly celebrated."

"Did you mind leaving the stage?"

"Yes and no. I was sorry, but then I had my husband, and friends, and everything to make me happy. But," with a deep sigh and turning half away, "it was too good to last. I lost my husband, and—and I went back to Germany again. Troubles come to everyone in this world, *Fräuleinchen*," she added after a pause, with a smile which was not quite as bright as before.

"You went back to the stage then, did you not?"

"Yes, I went back to the stage, but I did not play the soubrette again. I took the comic old women's parts instead. See, here I am in the 'Milchmädchen von Schöneberg,'" handing me a photo. "I love that part. It is so funny," and then Frau Thomann got up, and, to my infinite delight, acted for me the character, with as much spirit as though the audience had been crammed with difficulty in Drury Lane—instead of consisting of chairs and tables, one small individual occupying the corner of a sofa—a green paroquet. I had almost forgotten the paroquet. He is Frau Thomann's inseparable companion. He came from America with her, and travels everywhere in her train.

"He was with me in St. Petersburg this spring," she said, holding out her hand for him to hop on to. "*Das armes Tierchen!* he isn't very happy here. There is no room for his large cage, and he feels hurt."

"Poor thing, indeed!" I said, laughing, as I watched the bird flapping his wings and hopping up and down his mistress's outstretched hand. "Does he talk?"

"*Guten Abend!*" said the parrot suddenly, as he stuck his head on one side and eyed me wickedly. "*Guten Abend! Guten Abend!*"

"What a palpable hint!" I exclaimed. "But he is quite right—it is more than time I said '*Guten Abend!*'"

"*Guten Abend! Guten Abend!*" repeated the parrot solemnly, as I shook hands. He was still saying it when I walked downstairs, and the last thing I heard as I issued out into the mud-spread, rain-lashed street was that parrot crying "*N Abend, N Abend,*" as though he were never going to leave off again.

A. M. H.



Photo by Frau Ratkowsky, Hamburg.

FRAU DR. HEINOLD-THOMANN.

THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. STIRLING.

"I think you are happy in this second match."—*The Nurse* in "*Romeo and Juliet*," Act iii., Sc. 5.

Lately, I have had to chronicle the marriage of an actress almost every week. In our last issue it was Miss Ellis Jeffreys, a youthful acquisition to the stage, who received congratulations; now it falls to my lot to render a similar compliment to Mrs. Stirling. The veteran and versatile actress has recently made her *reentrée* into public notice by marrying Sir Charles Hutton Gregory, K.C.M.G., who was born Oct. 14, 1817.



EARLY PORTRAIT OF LADY GREGORY.—R. J. LANE, A.R.A. (1836).

The bridegroom is the son of Dr. O. G. Gregory, Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and has been the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

There is not, I am sure, one playgoer among my readers who is not a devoted admirer of the bride, who attained her seventy-eighth birthday in July. They will, therefore, welcome the accompanying charming portrait of their favourite as she appeared in 1836 at the Adelphi, under the management of the father and mother of Edmund Yates. How marvellously she fulfilled the prophecy of a contemporary critic, those who have seen her ripe rendering of the Nurse in "*Romeo and Juliet*" will agree; nor will the latter part of the critique need further justification than this portrait. This is what the critic of 1836 said of her: "We may safely assert that she possesses in an eminent degree every requisite for a low-comedy performer; that she uses all with admirable tact and discretion, and that she is withal a very pretty woman." Mrs. Stirling, *née* Fanny Hehl, was born in Queen Street, Mayfair, the daughter of Captain Hehl, of the Horse Guards. After a convent education in France, she resolved to try her fortune on the stage. Accordingly, at the age of sixteen, she faced the footlights under the name of Fanny Clifton at the East London Theatre. So successful was her *début* that she was soon engaged—in two senses—by Mr. Edward Stirling, the manager of the Pavilion, whom she married. Next she went to the Liverpool theatre, then to Birmingham, and finally she returned to the Metropolis and played at the Adelphi in "*Victorine*." For three years she was with Mr. Macready at Drury Lane, winning much popularity. Her high ability in Shaksperian rôles was proved at the Princess's Theatre, where, as Portia, Rosalind, and Desdemona, she was extremely admirable. Engagements at the Olympic, the Strand, and other London theatres made up a long and honourable career. By the present generation she is best remembered as the Nurse to Miss Mary Anderson's Juliet, and as Martha in "*Faust*" at the Lyceum. Since the year of her retirement, Mrs. Stirling has not abated her keen interest in matters dramatic, but is always ready for the gossip of the green-room and for sympathy with the drama, of which she has been so brilliant a representative.

THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF KOLGUEV ISLAND.

Mr. Trevor-Battye, whose unfortunate position on Kolguev Island, off the north coast of Russia, opposite Tcheskaia Bay, is exciting so much attention, is the "Bugle" with whose "Badminton Echoes" readers of *The Sketch* are well acquainted. His situation gives much uneasiness to his friends, since every day renders it more difficult for the relief expedition that is being organised to reach him, and the results of the attempts hitherto made are not encouraging. The Saxon, the ship on which he and Mr. Powys made their expedition, has found the east coast unapproachable on account of sandbanks and shallows, while fields of loose ice hem in the other sides of the island.

Mr. Trevor-Battye, whose full name is Aubyn Bernard Rochfort Trevor-Battye, is the second son of the Rev. William Wilberforce Battye, Rector of Hever, Edenbridge, in the hop county. He distinguished himself at Oxford—he was a Christchurch man—by re-establishing the hawking club, which had been extinct for nearly a century and a half. After leaving college, he wandered about the world in the capacity of hunter, fisherman, and naturalist. My first meeting with him was made in the autumn of 1891, when he became editor of the *Pictorial World*, which in his hands came out as a threepenny paper, and made its last struggle for existence.

His former journalistic work had been in the shape of charming articles on fishing, hunting, natural history, &c., contributed to the *Field* and other papers. I joined the staff as dramatic critic, and found him a charming man as editor. He was full of enthusiasm and ambition, and intended to make London hum; but, although he formed brilliant, daring schemes, he lacked the opportunity to put them into practice.

It is a matter of history that the company went into liquidation, and that the paper was bought by *Black and White*, which "incorporated" it. Although in some ways a heavy loser by the failure, I fancy that Trevor-Battye was glad to get rid of the irksome regular work and be master of his time again. He became busy with his pen, and produced a book called "*Pictures in Prose*." So full of merit is its painting of country life that some reviewers praised it very highly, and even made not unflattering comparisons of his work with that of White, Jefferies, and Thoreau. During this time I used to see him every Friday at a kind of irregular lunching club, composed of people connected with the *Pictorial World*.

At the club he was always very welcome, for his stores of curious knowledge made him most entertaining, while everyone who met him felt the influence of his personal charm. He had a habit of telling fishing stories—no one ever succeeding in interrupting him—and to this day some of us call statements that seem irreconcilable with facts "one of Battye's fishing stories"; yet his tales were always told in good faith.

Last year he got the idea of exploring Kolguev Island, and went to Archangel to make arrangements. In June Trevor-Battye set sail



MR. AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE.

in the Saxon for the island with a Peterhead crew commanded by Captain Steven. He was full of hope of finding strange eggs and other naturalistic joys, and also learning interesting facts about the little known Samoiedes. Everyone knows that he was landed with provisions for six weeks, and that the Saxon has been unable to reach the island to take him off again. However, since he is a mighty hunter and fisher, a man of great strength and pluck, and most temperate in his habits, I am confident that, even if he cannot be rescued at present, he will get safely through the winter, and come home with plenty of material for a most interesting book.

E. F. S.

SMALL TALK.

The weather has become very damp and cold on Deeside, and, unless there should be a favourable change, it is probable that the Queen will come south to Windsor a fortnight or three weeks earlier than the time which was originally fixed for the departure of the Court from Balmoral. The medical men are afraid that a continuance of the present damp weather might bring on a return of the rheumatic affection from which the Queen has suffered so much of late, and this they are most anxious should, if possible, be avoided, as her Majesty's recent attack tried her



STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN THE ROYAL PARK, BALMORAL.—JOHN MITCHELL.

strength more than is at all generally known. The Queen, too, has aged greatly during the past six months, and a fresh attack of rheumatism would be regarded with some apprehension by her medical advisers.

There is no truth in the report that the Queen has decided to grant a set of apartments in Windsor Castle to Lord Lorne, who already as Governor of the Castle draws the comfortable salary of £1200 per annum. As a matter of fact, there are no available apartments in Windsor Castle, nor has it ever been the custom to grant quarters there to anybody, as any arrangements the Queen may make in that way in respect of apartments at any of the royal palaces could only extend over her own reign.

Since the arrival of the Princess of Wales and her daughters at New Mar Lodge, they have spent a good deal of time fishing, and have killed some salmon and numerous trout. The Duke of Fife's Glen Dee Water, which is in the solitary recesses of Mar Forest, above the romantic Linn of Dee, has been in good ply, and afforded excellent sport. The Princess and her daughters are all devoted to the "gentle art," and are expert anglers.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Sandringham about Oct. 19, and they will then make Norfolk their head-quarters for several months. The first large house party at Sandringham will be invited from Nov. 7 to Nov. 12, and a county ball will be given at the Hall on the night of Friday, Nov. 9, to celebrate the Prince's birthday.

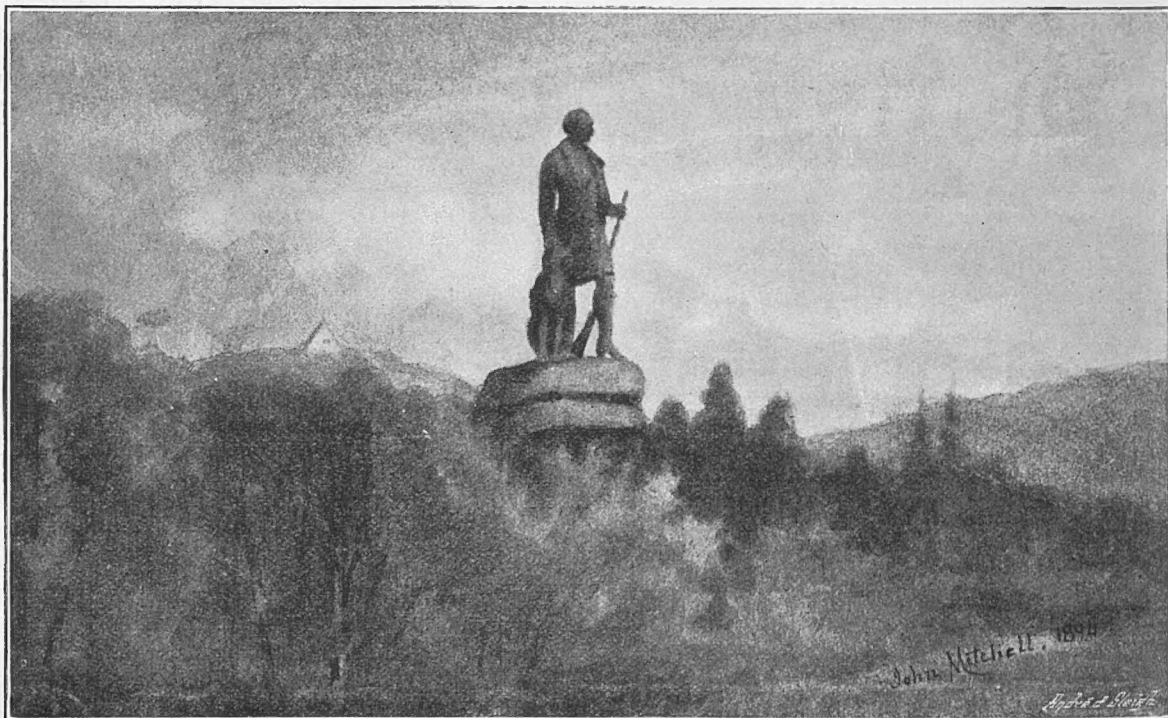
Balmoral and the neighbourhood are studded with memorials of royalty, most notable of all being the enormous cairn—to be seen for miles around—of Prince Albert. In the Royal Park, where the bazaar was recently held, there are statues both of the Queen and of the Prince Consort. I am indebted to Mr. John Mitchell for sketches of them. Mr. Mitchell did yeoman service for the art portion of the bazaar book, "Under Lochnagar." His water-colour work is familiar to students of art in Scotland.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's appearance at Balmoral on Monday night, last week, is surely a record piece of theatrical travelling. On the previous Friday evening, when the Haymarket manager was playing in Edinburgh, he received notice to appear before the Queen, and, as one of "Her Majesty's Servants," he at once set about to obey the behest with alacrity. Special scenery had to be constructed and painted to fit the Balmoral stage. On Monday the company, sixty strong, travelled by train from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, again by train from the Granite City to Ballater, and finishing with a ten-mile drive by road to Balmoral. Mr. Tree produced "The Ballad Monger" and "The Red Lamp," and with Mrs. Tree and the principal members of the company was afterwards

presented to the Queen. The curtain fell at half-past eleven, supper was taken, and then the long journey of 590 miles to Dublin, where Mr. Tree had to appear on Tuesday night at the Gaiety. Balmoral was left at half-past one, and Ballater at three on Tuesday morning; Holyhead was reached by special train at 4.15 in the afternoon, and a special steamer landed the company in Dublin at 8.45. The performance at the Gaiety was fixed for an hour later than usual, in order to allow time for dressing, and they went through the performance, after receiving a cordial reception from an unusually crowded house.

I have in my possession several programmes of theatrical representations which have taken place at Windsor by her Majesty's command, and, as it says upon them, by "Her Majesty's Servants," some forty years or more ago. Such relics are always interesting to theatre-goers for various reasons. The programmes themselves are of interest, inasmuch as they differ greatly in form from those which we are now accustomed to see. A rivulet

of print meanders through a meadow of lace-work such as once upon a time was the usual bordering of the love-lorn valentine. The royal arms are plainly stamped within this openwork margin, and the words "Royal Entertainment" are printed below. Then one gets some idea of the plays that were popular at Court in those far-off days. There is "The Jealous Wife," by George Colman the elder; "The Stranger," taken from the German of Kotzebue by B. Thomson, whose name, I fear, is now forgotten; "Twice Killed," a one-act farce, by John Oxenham—this was performed in 1849; "The Contested Election," a three-act comedy, by Tom Taylor, and last, but by no means least, "The Merchant of Venice," by a certain William Shakspeare. The casting of these various dramatic efforts shows a fine collection of time-honoured names. In "The Merchant of Venice" Charles Kean played the Jew, and his talented wife (Miss Ellen Tree) was the Portia; the Gobbos, father and son, found representatives in Mr. Addison and Mr. Keeley; the evergreen wife of the latter was Nerissa; Leigh Murray, that incomparable stage lover, Lorenzo, and



STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE ROYAL PARK, BALMORAL.—JOHN MITCHELL.

Mrs. Compton Jessica. With Alfred Wigan as Bassanio, Ben Webster as Gratiano, and that still living and acting member of the profession, Mr. Howe, as Tubal, here was a cast that we of this generation would, I think, gladly have seen in this immortal work. Buckstone, Charles Mathews and his wife, Compton, William Farren, Walter Lacy, and



Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street.

MR. TREE AS PAUL DEMETRIUS IN "THE RED LAMP."

Creswick figured in the other plays, and in "The Stranger" it was Mrs. German Reed who warbled the pretty ballad, "I have a silent sorrow here."

Mr. Tree's "Red Lamp" and "Ballad Monger" will, I suppose, be the precursors of some of those amateur performances in which Princess Beatrice is generally a conspicuous figure. One of the Yorke family, whose names are generally prominent on the royal programmes, and who are excellent amateur actors, bears, I have been told, a strong resemblance to the Queen. A friend told me that this gentleman "made up" as her Majesty last year in a certain *tableau vivant*, and that the likeness was a perfect one.

I am sure I wish Miss Violet Cameron all possible success upon the variety stage, and hope that her engagement at the Empire may be as profitable as any former "shop" of this whilom heroine of Anglo-French comic opera. All the same, there is a vast amount of difference between the tastes of theatrical and music-hall audiences, and also between the sort of work required of the artists. It is no secret that several popular dramatic performers have in the last couple of years made dire failures on the variety boards. A great deal depends upon the class of songs selected: the tunes must be catchy, and easily taken up by a chorus of gallery boys, and the subject-matter must be topical and easy of apprehension. Furthermore, the music-hall singers—except, of course, in the case of "Sisters," or "Brothers," or "Combinations"—has to work his or her "turn" single-handed. Patter, business, everything must be his own, and there can be no more relying upon how other people will play up to him. It is the forgetfulness of these points that has militated against the success of some regular actors upon the music-hall stage, and then the poor fellows complain, "Why, my 'turn' didn't go for toffee," to use an expressive term. To the pure comedian or burlesque artist the transition is the easiest. My views, I feel positive, will be endorsed by all people really conversant with music-hall matters, and Miss Violet Cameron's engagement has served merely as a peg on which to hang these remarks.

A friend has given me some interesting jottings about a holiday trip to Norway. At Christiania he stayed at the hotel where Henrik

Ibsen lives. He describes the Norwegian "Master" as a most conceited little man, with an unpleasant trick of performing his toilette at table by means of a looking-glass which he has had let in at the back of his hat. There is little fear of any unpleasantness about seats in the Norwegian Parliament such as we have known in our own House of Commons between members of different political parties. In the Storting at Christiania every seat has a tablet affixed to it, showing plainly the name of the particular constituency to which it is allotted. It may sound like flat blasphemy, but does the arrangement of the Ladies' Gallery at Westminster come from the far North? I refer to the singular system that prevails at the Christiania Theatre. Part of the stage at the wings is occupied by boxes reserved for the use of the performers, who may be seen standing up there, waiting for their cues, their features effectually obscured by a lattice-work grating. I may add also a few miscellaneous items. You may drive for a couple of miles in a well-appointed victoria for the trifling sum of 60 öre (7½d.); afternoon teas are replaced by a custom of paying midday calls, when the visitor is regaled with rich chocolate-and-cream; the soap at hotels is to be got by turning the wheel of a machine like a coffee-mill, whence come little dribblets of soap in vermicelli form; and the napkins are made of tissue paper, covered with advertisements of the establishment.

What will Mr. Stead say? The subject of one of his character sketches, the recently notorious President of the American Railway Union, has been audaciously treated by a playwright of Omaha, who proposes to make him serve as the title-character in an extravaganza called "King Debs." Another up-to-date dramatist has seized upon the topic of the war in the East as an appropriate theme for a spectacular drama, and will make his big scene represent the sinking of a Chinese man-of-war. A third play is interesting in its way. It is called "The Matador," and in it is presented with success a bull-fight in Mexico, with a live bull figuring as the hero's opponent. This is realism indeed.

As most great discoveries are accidental, it is only appropriate and correct that I should have alighted last week on a universal panacea for traders with non-paying customers in a little out-of-the-way village in the Vosges. Outside the local photographer's studio were hung some roughly-made frames, in which examples of the artist's skill were, as usual, exhibited. There was one which, however, attracted my immediate attention, as all the photographs in it were shown heads downward. "Why have you put these people upside down?" I asked, pointing to the reversed villagers. "Oh, they are my negatives," said the astute mountaineer, in a rich *patois*; "I call them so, as they will not pay. When they see themselves and do so, I put them up again, so!" and an ex-culprit was promptly withdrawn and translated to another frame and his original position. What a wit the fellow had! I came away, chuckling to think what a punishment this could be made for the all and sundry who now transgress the credit system so securely.

The Right Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., the Bishop of Exeter, is the President of the Church Congress, which will hold its annual meeting next week at Exeter. The Bishop comes of a clerical family; he is the only son of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, and was born sixty-nine years ago. He was educated at Cambridge, was ordained deacon in 1848, and admitted to priest's orders the following year. After three years as Rector of Hinton Mantell, he became Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, in 1855. For thirty years he zealously worked in these northern heights, and it was during this period that he issued a lengthy volume of poetry, under the title of "Yesterday, To-Day, and For Ever," which has had much popularity. Dr. Bickersteth's muse is gentle in spirit, and there are many evidences of an observing mind in his poetry. Less happily inspired was his editing of the "Hymnal Companion," which aroused controversy. Other literary works by him are a careful "Commentary on the New Testament" and "The Shadowed Home." For an exceedingly brief period he was Dean of Gloucester, in 1885, becoming almost immediately Bishop of Exeter in 1886, on the translation of Dr. Temple to London. His Lordship has been twice married, and has twelve children. Of these, the eldest son is the Bishop of Japan, the second son is Vicar of St. Mary's, Lewisham, and the fourth is his chaplain. The Bishop is extremely fond of music, and had recently the happy idea of inviting 500 organists in his diocese to enjoy his hospitality.



The heathen Chinese is peculiar, which same I proceed to explain. A Rangoon correspondent has sent me the accompanying sketch of the "great victory of Chinese" at Ping-Yang early in August, which he got from a Chinese artist in Shanghai. The artist was ready to admit that, "coming from a Chinaman, one must allow a broad margin for the same." The Oriental's grammar is obscure, and is open to two constructions. One, however, may allow a "broad margin," not merely to his estimation of Chinese prowess, but also to his ideas of draughtsmanship. I suppose that the triangular flag in the sketch is a Chinese standard. The horse and men stand on their heads, because, I suppose, the artist could not foreshorten them to show them lying down. I think it is intended to make them represent slaughtered Japanese. Bret Harte was right: the heathen Chinese is peculiar.

Possibly in obedience to the ever-increasing demand of modern illustrated journals, the progress of photography goes on apace. The method which for want of a better name I will call grafting has been successfully adopted, but the very latest idea, which will in some few days be upon the town, is distinctly novel. I do not wish to give the trick away, and will content myself with saying that on one plate we shall see a person taken on two distinct scales, one as a giant and the other as a dwarf. It is very simple, but whether patent rights can be

Constant smokers cannot notice the occasional abstraction of a few cigars from their store, so that the husband found himself three boxes to the good, and the wife, at the cost of a little discreet industry, gave her lord a suitable birthday gift.

Clever Miss Julia Scale went with a bang on the first night of "Monkey Island" at the Alhambra, and her hornpipe was unanimously re-demanded. Sitting in a comfortable stall on behalf of divers periodicals, I recalled a very wet March evening in the present year, when I had a chat with the lady at the Rehearsal Club, and some of her experiences came back to my recollection. A pupil of Madame Lanner, she danced in Paris at the Gaité, and in town at Drury Lane, before she went to the Alhambra, some ten years ago. She has danced with Mesdames Palladino, Sozo, Legnani, Marie, and Bejoni, has seen the management of Messrs. Tressider, Hollingshead, and Morton, and yet she is quite young. When one Winterbotham, M.P. went out of his way to deery the ladies of the ballet some years ago, Julia Scale was deputed by her fellow-dancers to reply on their behalf, and she showed me the correspondence, which was certainly very amusing. It was very hard on Mr. Winterbotham that he should have been taken to task simply for writing and talking about what he did not understand, because to do this is essentially the privilege of legislators; but he came off a bad



THE BATTLE OF PING-YANG.—BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

obtained is not quite clear. The firm responsible for the innovation will doubtless lose nothing through carelessness. Photography in colours is the one end now in view, and when that is an accomplished fact reproduction in colours by one single process will be the final difficulty to be overcome. In all probability the twentieth century will see all the difficulties in the way of these necessary developments triumphantly overcome, and then a new era will dawn for illustrated magazines. There can be no doubt but that the English climate will stand in the way of colour reproduction, and the work will always be an impossibility in London. Sunshine will probably be a *sine quâ non*, and I have come to the conclusion that in a very few years sunshine in the Metropolis will be as extinct as the megatherium.

I have just been told of a strange birthday present given by a loving wife to her husband, and its novelty merits publication. The gentleman, who has apparently contracted the bad habit of having a birthday, received a bulky package from his better half, and on opening the same found that it contained three boxes of cigars, some hundred in each. Being an inveterate smoker, he was profuse in his thanks, and began to consume them immediately. He opened the first box, and found that no half-dozen of them were alike. Still, he smoked on, only to find that the difference in flavour was remarkable. Somewhat astonished, he asked his wife where she bought them, and her answer explained the mystery. She did not buy them: they were the diligent collection of a year. Whenever he had purchased a fresh box she had removed some half-dozen and set them aside. Within a year the collection had assumed such dimensions that three boxes were required to house it.

second-best. One of the most curious things Miss Scale told me was that dancing spoils the voice. I cannot think of any good dancer who can sing, though I could name several who endeavour to do so, but for the absolute reason of their inability to warble I should never look to their ability to dance.

A curious discussion is at present going on between the American World's Fair Committee and the Italian Executive on a matter of mere form, but still one that may turn out a vexed question. Both Americans and Italians have published lists of the exhibitors, and in the former category Pope Leo XIII. appears duly chronicled as an exhibitor. The Italians find themselves in a quandary over their report, as if the Pope's name is omitted in their list it will be incomplete and incorrect, whereas if it is included Leo XIII. would be comprised among Italian subjects, while by the Law of Guarantees he is a recognised Sovereign. A lively discussion has been raised among the officials concerning the observance of due forms and ceremonies on this point, and, meanwhile, the other exhibitors are awaiting with burning impatience the publication of official lists containing awards.

There is nothing new under the sun. A recent outcry against the deleterious effects of dancing finds a parallel in an old-German pamphlet, which was written by a man called Salomo Takob Wolf, and which made its way into a second edition at Halle in the closing year of the last century. Its long-winded and old-fashioned title was "A Demonstration that Waltzing is a Chief Source of the Bodily and Mental Weaknesses of our Generation." The booklet consists of seventy-one pages,

HOW BASEBALL IS PLAYED.

The sport-loving portion of the British public seems to have an urgent claimant to recognition in baseball, the great summer game of our Transatlantic cousins. While cricket is, and, in all probability, will



"FOUL BALL!"

always remain the recognised national summer game, a visit to the headquarters of the London Baseball Association at Hyde Farm, Balham, on any Thursday or Saturday afternoon, will convince the spectator that the game of baseball has possibilities.

A complete game can be played in less than two hours. The batting, though not so free as in cricket, is more exciting, as there is no such thing as "stonewalling" possible in baseball, both the batsman and pitcher (feeder) being forced, the latter being obliged to put the ball fair over the plate, which is but one foot square, and the former being obliged to strike at the ball as it comes over the plate. The fielding is sharp, constant, and on ground-hit balls often very brilliant, and the different combinations which may result in the retirement of a base runner or batsman seem almost innumerable. Hence every member of a fielding side is constantly on the alert to take instant advantage of any incautious move on the part of the batting side. A highly amusing feature of the game is the base running, or a runner's progress from base to base, there being three bases and the "home plate" (which is also the starting-point), a complete circuit being necessary to score a run. The distance from base to base is 30 yards, and "slides" and "dives" are frequently necessary methods of locomotion in negotiating the last few feet. The London Association officials report a highly satisfactory season, and the advance from two games during the entire season of 1892 to an enclosed ground with an Association membership of six well-equipped teams, playing always two and often three and four games each week during the season of 1894, evidences the growing popularity of the game. Our

illustrations, taken during a recent Remington Typewriter Thespian game, picture two very frequent and characteristic situations. One shows positions of batsman, catcher, and umpire. The catcher, to avoid accidental injury, wears an inflated rubber chest-protector, a wire mask, and large, padded gloves, while the umpire, when "up close," always wears a mask. The positions are remarkably good, the batsman being caught just as he had "swung on it." The other shows a base runner all but caught, the "snapshot" showing that he beat the ball by but a very small margin. Play of this kind abounding, the umpires, of whom there are always two, and who give their decisions without being appealed to by captains, are kept particularly busy.

A FAMOUS BULL-FIGHTER.

Although the special correspondents of the London Press do not comment on any great excitement prevalent in Spain, it is said on unquestionable authority that the Spaniards are in the state of the Jack Jones immortalised by Mr. Gus Elen. The cause of this thushness lies in the fact that Guerrita, the darling of the bull-ring, has retired, or is about to do so. Only thirty-two years of age, he has worked his way to the top of the tree in a very short time, and the death of Espartero in May last left him all alone in his glory. Rumour has it that he has amassed a huge fortune, and that he is about to get married. Speaking as a bachelor, this seems to be the bravest feat the valiant *matador* has ever contemplated, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with as much success as his other exploits. In appearance Guerrita is tall, slender, clean-shaven, and has a very stern expression. His skill and agility are marvellous, and there are many good judges who say that since the days of Frascuelo Spain has not seen his equal. There can be no doubt but that a competent successor will be hard to find, for very great skill is expected from the head of the profession. It is likely that Luis Mazzantini will become the favourite. He is a really superb fighter. A *matador* wears his hair in a *queue*, and when he has fought his last fight cuts it off. After this nothing can tempt him to reappear.



"STAY THERE!"

A CRUCIAL TEST.

A DIALOGUE.

CHARACTERS: A SPORTSMAN; A PRETTY WOMAN.

SCENE: *Close of a wet First in a shooting-box. The speakers sit before a hall fire. A click of billiard-balls resounds from an open door.*

SHE (*to herself*). A drenching walk over a turnip-field in the morning; an afternoon in the house yawning; an evening of men sleepy and stupid as owls!

HE (*to himself*). A frosty spring, a soaking summer, and the infernal crops all behindhand!

SHE (*stifling a yawn*). If I have to spend to-morrow like to-day, I shall take the first train back to town.

HE (*stifling a yawn*). If it were not for the cursed rain and the confounded corn—

SHE (*aloud*). It's striking eleven. The fire has made me sleepy.

HE (*suppressing a second yawn with energy*). Sleepy? Impossible. It's ridiculously early. I was only thinking—

SHE. Thought sportsmen's efforts were confined to physical ones?

HE. I was thinking that if the season were not so cursedly and confoundedly late—oh, I beg pardon for expletives.

SHE (*to herself*). The birds—always the birds. Thank Heaven! men have no preoccupation in Piccadilly.

HE. I meant to say—without expletives, you know—that it's enough to make a fellow swear. What with the First come and gone and the corn still standing, and not a chance of getting at the partridges—

SHE (*bored*). Didn't you to-day? Not with all the dogs and guns, and keepers and beaters?

HE. No beaters, I assure you. We were only a couple of guns, as you saw at the start.

SHE (*crossly*). Well, I'm glad I wasn't in the poor birds' place in that turnip-field. They hadn't a chance.

HE (*reflectively*). They've a fairish one with some shots I know. Besides, there are grouse moors, like old Sir Baldwin Tracy's here, where the birds aren't potted at twice a year. (*To himself*). Wish I had the luck of being invited to to-morrow's drive!

SHE (*rising to go*). I see you still prefer turnips to me.

HE (*detaining her*). How can you say so? Why (*inconsequently*), I've—I've never left you since dinner.

SHE. Men don't shoot after dinner.

HE (*with meaning*). Suppose I don't shoot in the morning, either? (*To himself*). It's not the slightest use. Must give the birds a rest till the corn is in.

SHE (*brightening*). You will give up your day? I've hopes for you still.

HE. The thing is, am I to have any?

SHE. You are absurd. Of course, I mean— (*To herself*). Dear me! what did I mean? (*Aloud*). I mean I have hopes of your some day taking an interest in something beyond—beyond merely killing. (*Savagely thinking of her dull day*). Sport is a savage instinct.

HE (*plaintively thinking of the Tracy grouse*). Ye—es, I suppose so.

SHE (*sententiously*). How can a man whose chief interest and delight in life lies in killing be any better than a butcher? (*To herself*). Hope he didn't notice the plover's wing in my hat this morning or my chamois-leather waistcoat.

HE. Oh! I say, isn't that a bit rough on sportsmen? It's all perfectly fair, you know.

SHE (*to herself*). "Any stick is good enough to beat a what-you-call-'em with." (*Aloud*). Fair? When you, a strong man, with a deadly weapon in your hand and two dogs to help you, attack a perfectly defenceless covey?

HE (*to himself*). Not a chance of attacking 'em. (*Aloud*). The fact is—ahem! game has got to be killed.

SHE. Yes; but *not* killed to kill time. (*To herself*). Men ought to kill time with *us*. There's that selfish old woman-hater, Sir Baldwin, won't have a woman in his butts.

HE. Suppose you convert me?

SHE. Do you suppose I could?

HE (*becoming conscious of the charming line of his companion's profile and throat*). Of course. To anything you choose. I'm half converted, in fact, already, and to-morrow—to-morrow has infinite possibilities.

SHE. And they are?

HE. Well, there's the salmon still. (*Brightening*). Ought to get a bite in that lower pool after to-day's rain. No, hang it all! I forgot—

SHE. Would it be so perfectly impossible to spend the day talking to me?

HE. By Jove! if you'd only let me. (*Approaching and leaning over the back of her chair*).

HE. I say, by Jove! what a fetching gown you've got on. [*A delightful pause*].

SHE. I wore it last night. You didn't notice it, nor the one I wore this morning. (*To herself*). Just as well he didn't.

HE. I must have been blind.

SHE. Simply preoccupied.

HE (*leaning forward*). Impossible near you.

SHE. You forget the turnips. (*To herself*). I haven't. I wonder if Elise is packing my things for town?

HE (*carried away*). One might forget anything near you. Near you, you must know, a man feels a totally different being. Near you (*taking her hand*) he throws off all that is lowest and smallest in his nature. He steps, as it were, off common earth and treads (*at a loss*), and treads—

[*There is a sound of a bell and of footsteps in the billiard-room at this instant.*]

A MAN'S VOICE (*from the billiard-room*). I say, old fellow, are you in the hall still? Here's a note from Sir Baldwin Tracy, inviting us over to the drive. A butt each—

HE (*springing up and ringing the bell on the other side of the fireplace*). By George, what luck! It will be the finest day of the year! Must see Spriggs about my new ejector gun on the spot. (*Shouting back to the billiard-room*). Right you are, old man! We shall have to order the dog-cart before nine. (*Stops suddenly and glances at his companion*). [*An awkward pause*].

SHE (*calmly leaning forward and pulling the bell on her side of the fireplace*). I know you will excuse me for ringing too. It's for my maid. (*Suavely*). You see, I start even earlier than you do.

HE (*astonished*). What! You start?

SHE (*with a sweet smile as she rises*). Yes; for London. My train leaves at a quarter to nine. MARION HEFORTH DIXON.

THE LOST LOFTUS.

(*By a Palace Admirer. A long way after Browning.*)

Just for a husband called Justin she left us,

Just for a circlet to stick on her hand—

Fled, and of pleasure completely bereft us,

Wedded and won in a neighbouring land.

All that he did was to take her and marry her,

Though he scarce knew if her parents allowed.

How all our hearts had gone in her service,

All of our Cissy so boastfully proud!

We that had loved her so, sworn by her, raved of her,

Lived in her childlike mellifluous voice,

Learned her great mimicry, caught her clear accents,

Made her our pattern, the girl of our choice.

Lily is of us, Millie is for us,

Flo, Ethel are with us—they "turn" to us still!

She alone breaks from her haunts at the Palace,

Only Cecilia is not in the bill!

We must put up with the loss of her presence;

The halls may inspirit us, she won't be there:

Songs will be sung, while she boasts her quiescence,

Mimicking none in a wedded "Don't care!"

Alter her name, then, to Mrs. McCarthy,

One task more declined in the fight against odds,

A triumph for husband and sorrow for lovers,

One wrong to the stalls, and one wrong to the gods.

Life's night begins: she can never come back to us!

There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,

Forced joy on our part—in Mrs. McCarthy,

Never glad, confident Cissy again!

Best fight on well, for we loved her—strike gallantly,

In the moil and the toil of the fight bear the brunt;

Then let her come back with her husband and join us,

Singing no longer, but sitting in front. L. E. C.

A FAIR WOMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

One of the most beautiful examples of John Hoppner's skill in portraiture is the picture of Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor as Miranda, which was lent to the Grafton Gallery exhibition of "Fair Women" by the Marquis of Londonderry. The lady was the sister of Sir Harry Vane Tempest, Bart., and married the Right Hon. Michael Angelo Taylor, who sat in Parliament in 1784. The husband of "Miranda" has left not half the brilliant memory that belongs to his lovely wife. History deigns to mention that he was Recorder of Poole, and that, changing his opinions as readily as the Vicar of Bray, he became a Whig. This brought him into the society of the Prince Regent, who was greatly charmed by the exquisite beauty of Mrs. Taylor. When the lively Prince held high revels at Brighton, "Miranda" was a notable figure, and it was at this period that Hoppner painted her portrait with so much success. It was afterwards engraved in mezzotint, but proofs are now exceedingly rare. That which we reproduce was placed at the disposal of *Pears' Pictorial* by Mr. J. Mackelvie, of Torquay. The quarterly publication of Messrs. Pears for September is exceptionally interesting, consisting of delightful pictures of fair women, with informing notes by the editor, Mr. Joseph Grego. To the exhibition, which continues to attract visitors to the Grafton Gallery, many new pictures have recently been added, which are well worth careful study. Among these are Mr. Sargent's splendid portrait of Lady Agnew; "Music," by Sir Edward Burne-Jones; Professor Herkomer's "Lady Eden"; Mr. G. F. Watts's fine portraits of Lady Lilford, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, and the late Marchioness of Waterford; and an admirable example of M. Jules Goupil's work.



MRS. MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR AS MIRANDA.—JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

REPRODUCED FROM "PEARS' PICTORIAL," BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. PEARS.

NAPOLEON'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.*

"You will not be able to resist the desire to write memoirs," said Napoleon to his private secretary. In truth, every Frenchman of any importance has, for some centuries, held it to be his duty to write his memoirs, thus adding sometimes to the gaiety and grace of life, and always to our useful information. The next is to be the memoir of Barras. The last was that of Méneval. Just before came the memoirs of Talleyrand and Marbot. But neither of these serve the purpose or anticipate the contents of these recollections of Méneval. Here and



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

there we find errors which Mr. Sherard has corrected in his notes, and there are others which could only be corrected by a volume. Méneval is a thoroughgoing Bonapartist, and a hearty hater of the enemies of his famous master, especially of the English. Our ancestors, indeed, soon appear in these memoirs, and Méneval is ever and again dragging them forward for denunciations which they and we have so often heard, and yet remain unconverted and unashamed. The whole body of international vice is laid to our charge, and on the last page the "ruin of the power of England" is contemplated, and we are told "it will not leave a single regret in Europe."

Yet let us not, in turn, be angry with Méneval. He was not a great man. He was almost too blind an admirer of his Emperor, but he was faithful to the cause he supported, and he never descended to the level of a Fouché or a Talleyrand.

Méneval was born in Paris in 1778, and was "attached to the person of Napoleon, at that time First Consul, from the month of April, 1802." He remained in close service till the retreat from Moscow, and afterwards often worked for Napoleon until the great drama ended. Waterloo and the letter to the Prince Regent, in which Napoleon said he had closed his political career, and sought protection from the most generous of his enemies, closed also the public career of Méneval. But he had only lived half his life. He died in Paris in 1850. Meanwhile, he wrote a work on Marie Louise, and finally, in his last years, these memoirs.

They lack the moving incidents by flood and field which fill the pages of Marbot. But something of the Court and much of the Cabinet are here. Napoleon, his mother, his wives, and his family are described by one who had unusual opportunities. We see Méneval, at twenty-four, already with some diplomatic experience, in his first and embarrassed interview with Napoleon. It was at the Tuileries. The First Consul examined his future secretary with a piercing glance. "He told me he wished to attach me to his service, and asked me if I felt myself strong enough to undertake the task." Méneval promised to do all he could. Soon came that pinching of the ear, the familiar Napoleonic sign of satisfaction, and "You will come back to-morrow morning at seven, and come straight here." And so he did, and on many other days. We see Méneval sometimes at the Tuileries and sometimes in the more domestic life at Malmaison, and again in journeys across Europe, when he witnessed

the triumphs of Austerlitz and the pomp of Dresden, and shared the miseries of the retreat from Moscow.

A private secretary was, especially necessary for Napoleon, since he could not write legibly or decipher his own scrawl. Even the letters between Napoleon, when Emperor, and other Sovereigns, which should have been autographic, had to be written by Méneval. Once, when about to marry Marie Louise, Napoleon felt that he ought to write in his own hand to his future father-in-law. As the Emperor Francis read that legible letter, he did not suspect that the corrective Méneval had gone over it, word for word, forming the "e's" and dotting the "i's." It has been long known that Napoleon used to keep letters unanswered for weeks, and then point out, with satisfaction, how many of them had answered themselves. Méneval says that "Napoleon used to call not answering the best part of his work." But these memoirs show us other sides of Napoleon's character. Their larger aspects are not fully seen by Méneval. He was too near, and too much immersed in detail. But the Emperor's untiring energy, his great memory, his passion for affairs, his love of reports, his journeys, his power to command sleep at any time, and the small amount of it which he needed, his plan of getting up (and of getting Méneval up too) to work in the middle of the night, are all shown here. Much of the public history here related had been told before, but the private life of Napoleon and his two Empresses and the characters of these ladies here receive some light which only Méneval could supply. Like a dutiful secretary, he is no scandal-monger. The beginning of the troubles between Napoleon and Josephine, the "larger latitude" of her earlier and his later years, and the facts concerning Marie Louise and General Count Neipperg are, for the most part, ignored. The discreet secretary seems to have been trusted in turn by both ladies.

Josephine, already nearly forty, gives him a gracious reception at the beginning of his career. After six years, Méneval declares: "Josephine had an irresistible attraction. She was not a woman of regular beauty. She had that grace which is more beautiful than beauty's self (as our good La Fontaine used to say). She had the soft *abandon*, the supple and elegant movements, the graceful negligence of Creole women; her temper was always even." She always showed Méneval much kindness, rallied him on a certain "amiable," too amiable lady—another Josephine—and wished to provide him with a wife. She took counsel with Méneval when the inevitable divorce was felt by the Empress to be drawing near.

Then Marie Louise begins to occupy a large space in these memoirs. The Empress was not a Maria Theresa; so she missed for ever her chance. Méneval justly leaves her to her "bitter regrets."

With these incidents the memoirs draw near their close. To the end he had continued to see Napoleon. The faithful secretary would,



THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE.

indeed, fain have followed his master into exile at St. Helena, but was prevented by our Government. The Hundred Days are but briefly told, and this record of the rise and fall of an Emperor closes with a certain quiet and unaffected pathos, marred, for us, only because Méneval could not forbear, in his very last lines, to denounce our country.

"The history of Napoleon," says Méneval, "has yet to be written." These memoirs will be necessary to the historian of a great career and a great period.

* "Memoirs to Serve for the History of Napoleon I. from 1802 to 1815." By Baron Claude François de Méneval, Private Secretary to Napoleon. Translated by Robert H. Sherard. London: Hutchinson and Co.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



By
Christabel Marshall



ELISE CHEVALIER had scored a triumph. It was the 250th night of the run of "Sarah," and it was in "Sarah" that she had, by one bound, leapt into the brightly-lighted world of fame. To-night, as she moved about among her guests after the play, it was easy to see that success is a more subtle beautifier than cosmetics. Elise looked years younger than in the days of her disappointments, her harassing struggles, her failure to get on. She was not young. No one knew her history before she had gone on the stage about six years ago, and few knew it after that date until her Sarah had electrified every critic and playgoer in London. The name and succession of third-rate melodramatic actresses is legion, and Elise Chevalier had been judged no better than one of them. To those who had been irritated by her defects, then, her Sarah was a mystery.

"Pretty little thing for her age, ain't she?" said Major Ducane to his nephew.

"That is not how I should describe her," the young man answered stiffly.

The Major looked at him curiously. It was through him that Glengarry had become a faithful attendant at Elise's parties. Was the boy fool enough to be fascinated by her?

"Fine actress, too—at least, as Sarah," went on the old man; "but I am not so sure that it *is* acting. We must wait till the new piece next week to see."

Glengarry shivered.

"I am afraid I don't understand you, Sir."

"God bless my soul! where are your wits to-night, Glengarry?" said the Major, testily. He did not like the boy's face. "Do you mean to tell me you have never heard it said that Elise has taken us by storm with her Sarah, because—h'm—well, because she has been a Sarah in the past?"

Elise swept by them at that moment in a soft, white dress, that clung about her beautiful figure. Her silky black hair was knotted low upon her neck. Her face was very white, partly with powder, partly with exhaustion, and there were dark shadows under her sombre blue eyes. The only colour about her lay in a bunch of red geranium which she had tucked into the bosom of her dress. She flashed a smile at Glengarry as she passed, and Major Ducane winced at it. When she was well out of hearing, Glengarry stood up proudly. His honest young face was full of indignation.

"I object to discussing mischievous rumours about a woman in her own house," he said, in a low, determined voice. "It seems to me bad form, to say the least of it."

And Thomas, Viscount Glengarry, turned his back upon his uncle, and went and stood moodily against the wall. He cared for none of the people there. They jarred upon him, with their rather vulgar *bonhomie*, their noisy rattle, their professional jargon. How could she tolerate the foolish banalities of these men? Why did she smile at their familiar manner? Every graciousness of hers to these people he despised was a knife at his heart.

Poor Glengarry! It was torture; but he would have endured it

a thousand times over for the chance of a word from her when they were gone.

"I am afraid it is no good your waiting," she whispered. "Major Ducane has something to say to me when they all go, and it is late." There was a tiny break in her voice. "I am so tired."

Glengarry said nothing, but his face grew black. He had a sort of instinct that his uncle had suspected to-night for the first time what had been going on for a year. This instinct, coupled with the fact that the Major was going to speak to Elise alone, made him uneasy. He was determined to see her afterwards. With a quick movement, he stepped behind the curtains and out on to the balcony. The hum of voices in the room gradually died away. He heard the bustle of departure, the sound of cab-whistles in the hall. It was raining, but he hardly noticed it. He had fallen into a miserable stupor, when his uncle's voice stung him into active consciousness.

"The boy loves you, I know. What I do not know is whether he has asked you to marry him?"

Glengarry did not catch Elise's low-voiced answer.

"If he does, of course you refuse him?"

"Ah, do not be so hard!" cried Elise. Her voice rose into a hoarse shriek of entreaty. "I do not know what I should do. I have had such a barren life. I want to be happy at last, and I could be happy. My God, how I love him!"

"Nonsense," said Ducane, roughly; "you love his title and his money. Spare yourself the trouble of trying to work on my feelings by being emotional. I have not known you fifteen years for nothing. Why, out of your own mouth you prove you don't love him. You must know a marriage with you would ruin him. I am not the only person in the world who knows your past. Be sensible. What will you take for your promise that you will leave the boy alone?"—Young Glengarry's hot Highland blood boiled at the coarse sneer underlying the question—"I leave you to think it over. Good night."

There was a silence, only broken by the Major's footsteps creaking downstairs. Glengarry felt paralysed. How was he to go in and tell her that he had overheard the whole of the conversation? As he stood irresolute and hesitating, he heard a sound which rent his heart. It was the sound of a woman sobbing. He pushed back the heavy curtain and walked slowly into the room, the rain dripping from his hair. Elise was lying on the floor with her head buried in a low chair, her clinging white dress tumbled and creased, her body rising and falling with passionate weeping. At one end of the room there was a table littered with champagne bottles and corks and glasses. The candles were glaring in their sockets, and the place looked sordid and disreputable.

"Elise!" said Glengarry.

She sprang up and faced him. There was a dull red stain on her gown from the crushed geraniums. Her eyelids were swollen, and the lines in her face stood out with startling clearness.

"Why have you come back?" she cried. "I gave you no leave. Oh, you are like the rest of them, after all! You think you can treat a woman in my position as it pleases you."

"Stop, Elise," said Glengarry, going nearer. "I have been here all the time. I was outside when my uncle was talking to you. I was forced to listen, for if I had come in while he was saying those things I might have done something violent—and he is an old man."

I understand everything, but, Elise, it makes no difference. I love you, darling. You have known that a long time. For me the past does not exist. I don't care what you have been or what you are. To me your very sins are triumphs, and better than other women's virtues. Let me take care of you, my sweet. I will expect very little. If you marry me you shall not feel tied and bound. You must, you shall marry me."

A curious change came over Elise Chevalier's face. All the passion of grief died out of it, and she smiled.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "Poor Tom! Listen, dear! In the first place, a man may not marry his grandmother, and in the second I am not fitted for marriage. I think I have no heart. I am not a good woman, and I should make you miserable."

"I heard you tell him you loved me," burst out Glengarry, impetuously. "Nothing matters if that is true."

"It is not true," said Elise, in a low, expressionless voice. "Major Ducane was right. I said it to work on him, to make him raise his terms. I don't love you, Tom. Go away and forget me. I am a fraud,



He pushed back the heavy curtain and walked slowly into the room—Elise was lying on the floor, with her head buried in a low chair.

and next week everyone will find it out, so far as my art is concerned. Sarah and I were one. When I say good-bye to her I say good-bye to my reputation as an actress. There is a hard time coming for me, Tom."

"Not if you marry me," cried poor Glengarry, desperately. "Elise, don't be cruel. Don't give me this to bear." The tears came into his eyes. "Even if you can't love me, you can make me happy by letting me be near you."

"How young you are, Tom!" said Elise. She went over to the table and poured out some brandy, and drank it at a gulp. "You must go now, foolish boy, and don't come back again."

If he had been quick, he would have noticed the strange look in her eyes, but he was absorbed in his own disappointment.

"You need not be afraid of that," he said bitterly; "I have made myself cheap to you too long. I congratulate you on the way you have fooled me."

"Yes, I did it well," Elise said slowly. "How absurd!" She laughed ironically. "I really believe I made you imagine I was in love with you, Tom. And I was forty last birthday!"

"Good-bye," said Lord Glengarry, without turning round. When he had shut the door, Elise walked to the mantelpiece and stared blankly at her face in the glass.

"I look forty to-night," she murmured, with a sob in her voice.

Then she caught up a little faded photograph on the table and kissed it passionately.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "how I have loved you!"

It was a photograph of Lord Glengarry in cricketing flannels, taken when he was a boy at Eton.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Among the dramatic announcements of the day, there is probably none that has awakened so much curiosity as the forthcoming Criterion piece, "The Case of Rebellious Susan." Everybody must feel a keen desire to know what wonders lie hid beneath a title so precise and yet so vague, so long and yet so uninforming, and, above all, so utterly and ingeniously bad. What is to be the "Case" of the young lady? A needle-case? A gun-case? A cigarette-case? A divorce case? A card case? Each and all of these might be useful "properties" in rebellion. It is fortunate that the mystery of this young lady is to be solved shortly, else would "The Case of Rebellious Susan" have to be investigated by some new-founded Society for Sukeyal Research.

There is much in titles for new pieces, and many superstitions are connected therewith. At one time there was a run on "gold"—not at the Bank, but for theatrical titles. Unfortunately, one or two of these glittering pieces had no gold in them, except that which gilded their titles. "The Gold Craze" had more craze than gold, and "A Gold Mine" wasn't one. Then there was another superstition, that to introduce the Devil into a title was either lucky or the reverse, I forget which. Nobody puts the Devil in now; perhaps the Lord Chamberlain would object to such a course as insulting to a foreign potentate. Names of persons are supposed to be lucky; names of places unlucky.

A title should be striking, simple, awakening curiosity, but not satisfying it. Some dramatists, but very few, affect double-barrelled titles. There is no harm in such, but, as a matter of fact, the second title is pure surplusage. "Twelfth Night" everybody knows, though the title has absolutely nothing to do with the story; but who cares for the alternative, "What You Will"? Probably Shakspeare put in the second title because he could not get a really appropriate name, and would give his public their choice between two inappropriate ones. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas have always had double-barrelled names, but, as a rule, the first barrel has brought down the game, or, if it ever missed, the second was no help.

One characteristic of a good title, which is often overlooked, is that it should follow in a natural and rational sequence the customary query, "Have you seen —?" Now, should one person ask, "Have you seen 'The Case of Rebellious Susan'?" the other is irresistibly impelled to answer after the manner of Ollendorff: "No; but I have seen the buttonhook of the estimable aunt of William, or William's estimable aunt's buttonhook." On the other hand, it is perfectly natural to ask, "Have you seen 'A Gaiety Girl'?" since Gaiety girls exist for the purpose of being seen as much as possible. A rather good title, doubtless already appropriated, would be "My Umbrella." "Have you seen 'My Umbrella'?" would be a charmingly ambiguous sentence.

A title should be short—something that will be no trouble to say, write, or remember. "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Othello," these are single words that grip the memory at once. "Patience," "Pinafore," "Ghosts," "School," "Money," are short, but will live longer than the lengthy, fanciful phrases affected by some Elizabethans and some moderns. Long titles, like long nails, are apt to bend away before you can get them knocked in. Your mere tin-tack of a syllable needs but a light tap of the hammer to fix it in the temple wall of Fame.

From all which considerations it may be concluded that a long title is artistically bad, but it may be commercially good. When titles are mostly short, a long name attracts attention by its diversity. Were posters artistic as a rule, some flowing arrangement of incongruous colours would stand out and prove profitable, even as now an artistic bill does. The sky-signs and advertisements on clouds or public monuments by magic-lantern and electric light, in spite of their hideous and desecrating vulgarity, are probably lucrative. They are exceptionally offensive, but for that very reason exceptionally well known. If you cannot shine by the neatness of your title, it is well to stand out by its clumsiness.

This rule also applies, though less rigorously, to the titles of novels. "The Heavenly Twins" was a good title, and doubtless sold plenty of copies of the book it denoted, though the more important half of the work had hardly anything to do with the twins. "A Yellow Aster" was less happy—it was too botanical, and the author's pseudonym, "Iota," suggested to Greek scholars the subtle inference that she was a woman with the smallest possible tincture of letters.

By-the-way, did the *Pall Mall Budget* change the colour of its cover so as not to be called the *Yellow Astor*? MARMITON.

MONKEY MIMICRY BY CHARLES LAURI.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. LAURI.

Whether the constant portrayal of the ape in art and actuality be a practical admission of the validity of Darwinism, there can be no doubt that people like to see the merry monkey. His face beams out on us from the advertisement pages of every journal, where he brings good tidings of a certain soap, and his latest appearance is in the music-halls. The stately stage of the Alhambra is transmogrified nightly into an island inhabited by the artful ape, while Mr. Charles Lauri, the prince of animal mimics, has been personating a monkey at the Canterbury Music-Hall with marvellous fidelity to the actual creature. There may be a principle in all this monkey mimicry—nowadays there is a principle in everything, even in the music-hall, which the young man in "The New Woman" says embodies all that was best in the old Hellenic spirit. It is probably the peculiar fascination which the hideous always more or less possesses, and the monkey which Mr. Lauri has been impersonating is of a peculiarly hideous type. The monkey was introduced in the course of a North American Indian play without words. The argument of the play is simple. A settler in the Wild West has pitched his tent in the primeval forest. There he lives with his two daughters, one a buxom maiden and the other a little girl of about four. The family group is increased by the return of the settler's son, a "middy," who brings with him Chadi, a monkey of almost human sense and intelligence. One day the settler and his son go out in pursuit of some Sioux Indians who are in the vicinity, and leave Chadi in charge of the hut. Soon the Sioux, who have evaded the pursuit of the settler and his son, arrive. The negro, by threats, is won over to their side. Chadi defends the little fortress with marvellous skill and activity, at one time showering missiles on the heads of the attacking party, at another deluding the savage with its reflection in a polished Dutch oven. But in the end the hut is set on fire, and its door is beaten in. Chadi performs prodigies of valour, finally rescuing the little girl from the flames. Then the settler and his son return, and the Sioux are beaten off; but before they fly one of them buries his hunting-knife deep in the bosom of the poor monkey, who expires, after dragging himself up to the child, and taking her tenderly in his arms. Such, in outline, is the story of the pantomime, which was admirably staged at the Canterbury; but the main interest centres, of course, round the monkey. Mr. Lauri has made a startlingly lifelike study of the animal. His agility in scaling a taut rope right to the roof of the stage was wonderful in its way, and he had caught many of the most characteristic movements of the monkey with remarkable fidelity. There was a fine sense of contrast in the proximity of the hideous creature and the pretty little girl (Miss Amy Ewins) over whom he keeps watch and ward.



THE SETTLER AND HIS FAMILY.

THE MONKEY AND THE MAIDEN (MR. CHARLES LAURI AND MISS AMY EWINS).

From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.





MR. CHARLES LAURI AS THE MONKEY.

MR. WILSON BARRETT AND HIS NEW PLAYS.

Photographs by Barrauds, Liverpool.

It was not to discuss the *Woman New* (or *Crude*), or the *Impossible*, *Impenitent Man* that I sought Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Imperial Hotel, Hull, the other day.

My mission was less romantic. The object was merely to get a quiet talk with Mr. Barrett about his future projects, the reception, so far,

For some moments I doubted whether my victim would submit, but he yielded upon further pressure, and this is what I learnt of the new play, which, I imagine, will cause not a little stir in dramatic and theatrical dovecots.

"It is a deep study of a social problem," Mr. Barrett went on to state, "carefully thought out. We knew we had a dangerous theme to handle, and the utmost care has been taken with every line of the dialogue. We start to teach a great moral lesson, and in so doing we have had to trench upon matters which are usually considered outside the sphere of dramatic work. Personally, I think the time has come when the stage should be utilised as a means of teaching those who are growing up, not merely the broad lines of right and wrong, of honesty and dishonesty, but something more.

"I have been told again and again," he continued, "that innocence should not be disturbed, that it is time enough to do so when danger threatens it; but personally I have no faith in the innocence that arises through ignorance. It is not always possible for the guardian to be present and to give, at the moment of danger, the needful warning. Besides, innocence is rarely attacked when the guardian is near. One can scarcely blame a blind man for falling into a pit, of the existence of which he knows nothing; much less can we blame a girl for falling into a trap, into which her own inclination or feeling may have drawn her, when the knowledge of the existence of such traps has been kept carefully from her."

"This is delicate ground, Mr. Barrett."

"Yes, I admit that it is; but if in dealing with this very difficult problem we have used expressions to explain our meaning which to the ultra-susceptible may seem strong, all I can say is that we have used them with extreme care, and if they are objected to when the play is produced it will only be by persons whose extreme modesty is more suggestive of wrong than immodesty itself. If we are wrong, then it will be necessary to amend the texts and the Commandments over the altars, and to alter words used by every Church in Christendom."

"You feel rather strongly upon this theme?"

"I do"—emphatically. "I have submitted the plot of the story to some of the most eminent men I know—critics, novelists, dramatists, and actors, and they have assured me that the story is absolutely new."

"Absolutely new?" I repeated.

"Yes, absolutely new. It has no parallel, either in literature or the drama, so far as we know. So closely is the secret of the *dénouement* kept that my company, when they heard the first acts of the play read, started a guessing competition among themselves, but were quite unable to forecast the finish. In working out the story I have had the invaluable help of Mr. Louis N. Parker. It is my first essay in collaboration with him, and, if I may judge from what he has done for me, I should say he



MR. BARRETT AS PETE WITH THE BABY.

of "*The Manxman*," and the probability or otherwise of his opening for a season in London.

"Tell me something about your new plays, Mr. Barrett. I hear that you have one just completed, and another well under way. Is that so?"

"Yes; I have two new plays on hand in addition to '*The Manxman*.' The first is a story of modern life, in which I have collaborated with Mr. Louis N. Parker, part author of '*Gudgeons*' and '*The Blue Boar*.' It will be in four acts, and have only one scene. It will be produced at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, early in November."

"Only one scene?"

"Yes, a room in a mansion in Grosvenor Square, London. The hero is a young millionaire, and the heroine a young heiress. They are brought together in connection with a vast charitable scheme, which is to embrace the erection of a huge building in London to be called the House of Rest."

"And will that be the name of the play?"

"It may be the title, but we have not yet decided."

"Now, what about the motive, the problem, the root idea worked out in this piece, Mr. Barrett?"

Mr. Barrett penetrated me with a glance that was far more searching than the question I had put to him.

"I cannot tell you *all* you wish to know—not yet."

"But do give me some idea or outline of the piece. What are you aiming at in it?"

Mr. Barrett did not answer the question at once, but, after a pause, replied—

"This play is constructed on very peculiar lines, and is one of the very few instances I know of in which the mystery is held to the very end of the piece. This is rather against the canons of dramatic art, I know, but, without exception, those who have heard the play read agree that in this instance it is justified."

"But I am not yet satisfied, Mr. Barrett. You have revealed very little so far. Do go on."





MISS MAUD JEFFRIES, MR. WILSON BARRETT'S LEADING LADY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE DUBLIN.

is one of the most powerful writers of dramatic dialogue we possess. If what I have said sounds very strong in praise of work with which I am connected, I can only say that I am merely repeating what has been said to me by the authorities I have already referred to."

"What about Mr. Hall Caine's letter?" I ventured to ask.

Mr. Barrett went off in search of it, but could not lay his hands upon it at the moment. Mr. Hall Caine, however, has written to state that he never heard a play in which the unities were so absolutely preserved, and that the story is not only great but original.

Then we had a chat about the second play that Mr. Barrett will produce ere long.

It is distinctly American, I learnt. The characters are all American, and the story is founded upon incidents of real life. The hero will be the dramatic embodiment of a man still alive—an American—whose name is known all over the civilised world. Strange to say, Mr. Barrett is supposed to bear a very strong personal resemblance to his hero in this play.

Of course I suggested that the hero who was so widely known was (being an American) a millionaire; but Mr. Barrett smilingly declined to satisfy my curiosity.

"And who is responsible for this second play?" I asked.

"Primarily, I am; but I am working in collaboration with Mr. Alexander W. Thompson, who has for many years written over the signature of 'Dangle' for Manchester newspapers."

"When will this second play be produced?"

"I do not intend to produce it until I get to America, and have had some opportunity of studying the great prototype of the character I am going to portray."

"Are there any politics in this American play?"

"It is entirely social. A love story will be woven round the incidents, and I trust there will be no unpleasantness between my prototype and his wife on this account. But" (and here Mr. Barrett fell into soliloquy) "I shall have to explain a good deal to her when we meet."

I thought so too, but the romance in the story is only imaginary.

"Why is the name of the well-known personage you are going to portray kept secret?"

"There is no other object than this—that I feel some compunction about making it public, not having yet heard finally from the man most concerned."

"What about London?"

"My present intention is to produce 'The Manxman' in London on my return from America. I should have done so at once but for this American tour."

"Now about 'The Manxman'? Was it not a risk for you to produce another Isle of Man drama?"

"Yes; I considered it exceedingly risky at first, but the stories are so dissimilar that I thought I could avoid anything like repetition of the same effects. I was, however, compelled to forego one scene, which might have been very effective upon the stage—the scene of Philip at the Tynwald, because I have the Tynwald scene in 'Ben-my-Chree.'"

"Do you think there is any chance of your repeating 'The Silver King' success with 'The Manxman'?"

"Yes; I am sanguine enough to think so. For absolutely human pathos, true manly pathos—not stage pathos, mind—I have never seen anything to excel it. The oldest critics and playgoers have generously compared my acting in it to Jefferson and Robson, and higher praise is not possible."

"And how do you like Pete as a character?"

"Oh, I am delighted with it. I am glad to be able to revert to a style of character which has always been a popular one with me. The change from classical and legitimate drama has been a relief, physically, not only to myself, but to the rest of my company, for which we are extremely grateful."

"And is Mr. Hall Caine satisfied with the reception of the drama founded on his book?"

"Yes; I am glad to hear he is exceedingly pleased with the almost unbroken chorus of praise. Some of the most prominent of the London critics were present at the Leeds performance, unknown to ourselves; their recorded opinions of the value of the work have been very high, and we are justified in assuming that when the play is produced in London, as I hope it will be, their verdict will be endorsed by the whole of the metropolitan press."

Mr. Barrett explained to me that it had been found necessary to alter the *dénouement* of the story, and to bring about an entirely different situation. There is also a notable departure in one or two of the "curtains." In one instance Mr. Barrett is left upon the stage for several minutes alone, and he speaks not a word; moreover, at the end of the play the curtain falls upon a deserted stage.

Miss Maud Jeffries will be cast for the heroine in the new play to be produced at Liverpool at the beginning of October. Before I took leave of Mr. Barrett I was convinced that this new play will be no ordinary or trifling experiment—not exactly a House of Rest for him. E. S. L.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to The Sketch, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

MISS MILLIE LINDON.

To heredity one can often trace the weals as well as the woes of life. To it Miss Millie Lindon owes that imitative faculty, partly the outcome of a retentive memory, which in these latter days appears to lead on to fortune. All her family possess the gift, she avers, and many other talents, too, one might add, to judge by the success of her quartette of first cousins, Miss Astor, Miss Flopp, Miss Millie Hylton, and Miss Letty Lind, from the names of the last two of whom the subject of this monograph has built up for herself a *nom de théâtre*. Miss Millie Lindon is, like Miss Cissy Loftus (whom she never saw), still in her teens. To



Photo by Hana, Regent Street.

MISS MILLIE LINDON.

her amusing faculty she adds the charms of a pretty face and a naturally delicate complexion, while she individualises her appearance by wearing an accordion-pleated dress, with bronze shoes and brown stockings. As a child she was known as a "little monkey" in the family; as a blushing maiden of "sweet seventeen" she has developed into a mimic brimful of artistic merit. It was a visit to Collins's Music-Hall, when Millie Hylton was engaged there, that gave Miss Lindon the opportunity of hearing Harry Randall, and although that artist is, perhaps, the most difficult to "take off," Miss Lindon was so successful after only twice hearing him as to demonstrate what her vocation in life should be.

At the "Royal" she proved the value of the home opinion, for she gave, with indisputable success, imitations of Millie Hylton, R. G. Knowles, Peggy Pryde, Charles Bignell, and Winifred Johnstone ("The cat came back"). At a benefit at the Tivoli she added Eugene Stratton to her repertory. But her first regular engagement was for three weeks at the Metropolitan last July, with an agreement for two returns. Now she is under a contract for three years to the syndicate of the London Pavilion, the Oxford, and the Tivoli. Other imitations of hers include taking off Miss Bessie Wentworth, George Roby, and Ganivet, the Frenchman clown; but the last she has ceased to give out of deference to the opinion expressed that his facial distortions ill become her pretty features. Presently she promises us Letty Lind's "Chinese Dolly," and Mr. Charles Godfrey, giving the last verse of "The Bridge." Miss Lindon very kindly chatted to me, a day or two ago, respecting the method she adopts before exhibiting her exceptional powers. "I go to hear the subject I propose to imitate perhaps twice or three times to get the voice and action. But I don't pretend to be able to take him off at once. After two or three days the imitation comes to me all at once. Then I practise for a while in the garden or anywhere *sotto voce*. The great point when you go on is to be abstracted. The hall may be empty for all I know, for I see no one but the person I am imitating, and that mentally, of course. One thing I can say is that I have never broken down."

THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.

BY H. SNOWDEN WARD.

VI.—LADY AMATEURS (Continued).

The foremost of our English lady amateurs, and the only one who is at all widely known, is Mrs. S. Francis Clarke, of Louth. Both Mr. and



FROM TOWN TO TOWN.

Photogram by Mrs. S. Francis Clarke.

Mrs. Clarke are amateurs, but the lady is the more ardent, and her work is much more generally known than that of her husband. So far as it has been exhibited, it is *genre* and figure study work. It displays in turn both humour and pathos, and proves that Mrs. Clarke is not only skilful, but also patient and full of tact, to obtain from her sitters the results that she does. Most of the work is done under great difficulties, for, as Mrs. Clarke wrote me when sending some of the pictures for reproduction: "With the exception of two, all the pictures sent are taken in a small back-yard, surrounded by high walls and buildings. The backgrounds I paint myself. . . . The draperies and dresses are, nearly all, only tacked and pinned together at the time of sitting, and taken to pieces again when done with. Ladies who care to go in for figure studies may be glad to know that, with very little trouble and expense, draperies may be made at any moment." Some of Mrs. Clarke's studies are made in the open fields or orchards, and these mainly owe their success to the fact that there is no straining after the impossible, no attempt to over-tax the abilities of the sitter. The study that I reproduce gives a good idea of this lady's success, and should be especially

encouraging to young workers, for Mrs. Clarke is but at the beginning of her photographic career.

It may seem strange to those who know a little of photography on both sides of the Atlantic that the proportion of successful women amateurs to the whole number of workers is so much larger in the States than in Britain. Probably this is in part, and it may be very largely, due to the fact that the American photographic societies give every assistance and encouragement to women workers, while British societies, almost without exception, deny them the benefits of membership. Of late there has been a considerable wish among a portion of the members of some of the leading London societies to throw open their membership to women, but up to the present the majority has been strong, and very emphatic in its opposition to such an innovation. In one case the discussion and side issues arising out of it led to the expulsion from a leading society of a photographic editor, who had dared to champion the woman's cause in a way that was offensive to the rest of the members. In spite of the present strength of feeling on the matter, there are indications that, in some of the societies, at any rate, the possible introduction of women is slowly becoming a subject for calm consideration. Even the society that ejected the editor has decided to invite ladies to its lantern evenings. The Royal Photographic Society has a few women members, and though most of them at present are non-resident in London, and though the status of the society scares most of the ladies, no doubt, if a less advanced society were open to them, many would graduate from it to the Royal or "parent" society. And in a time like the present, when many women are taking up photography for a living, increased facilities would undoubtedly bring forth an increased number of skilful British workers.

While writing of English lady amateurs, I must not omit to mention the late Mrs. Cameron, though she is no longer among us. One of the earliest workers to attempt to attain artistic results by means of the camera, Mrs. Cameron has been criticised and misunderstood more than almost any other art photographer; but her work remains, and is more intelligently appreciated now than ever in the past. The volume of "Tennyson and His Friends," recently issued, is the best monument to her skill and artistic perception. The work was done with decidedly inferior instruments—in fact, some of her critics have been bold enough to say that the success of the work was due to this inferiority. At any rate, the success was achieved, and those who are now striving to use the camera as a means of artistic expression look to Mrs. Cameron as one of their ablest exemplars.

An amateur whose work is well known wherever there are photographic exhibitions of any importance is Mrs. Main, of St. Moritz. Living in the Alps, this lady has turned her attention to one class of subject so exclusively that regular attendants at the photographic shows are apt to grumble at the sameness of the pictures she sends year after year. They are all scenes of ice and snow, and so thoroughly has Mrs. Main studied that subject that no other exhibitor approaches her for beauty of result. The little secrets of the work were revealed in a short, practical paper read before the World's Congress on Photography in Chicago last year. In this Mrs. Main pointed out that the only difficulty in the snow-scapes is to obtain relief and half-tone, and suggested the simple, but not at all obvious, expedient of always working with the camera almost directly facing the sun, so as to get the full value



"JUST OUT."

Photogram by Miss E. V. Clarkson.



INVOCATION.

Photogram by Miss E. J. Farnsworth.

of all shadows cast by any inequalities, especially in the foreground." It is often possible to artificially strengthen the foreground by treading a path through the snow, and anyone who sees Mrs. Main's work will recognise how valuable, from a pictorial point of view, may be a few properly distributed footprints, or even the track of a wheelbarrow. These are small items, but it is often, as in this case, the small items that make success.

Among the members of the American photographic societies there are so many clever women workers that it is difficult to single out any two or three of them. Their work covers almost all branches of photography, though most of them prefer figure studies or landscapes in which figures are introduced. Sentiment and poetry, rather than mere technical excellence and the recording of bald fact, seem to be the aim of these women workers. They take a field peculiarly suited to their



"IN THE WEST WIND BLOWING."

Photogram by Miss E. J. Farnsworth.

tastes, and fill it very ably. In one or two figure studies that have been recently published there has been a regrettable tendency to somewhat indelicate suggestion, and this sort of work has been unduly praised by some of the photographic journals, but with this single exception the sentiment in the pictures is pure. Most of these ladies have studied painting before they have gone into photography, and the experience and training thus gained stands them in good stead.

Miss E. V. Clarkson, of New York, makes a specialty of landscape with figures, and finds in the ordinary scenes and humour of everyday life an endless series of themes. She is very successful in her portrayal of evening effects, and has done good work in figure studies of a purely fanciful kind, as well as with animal life subjects. As representing her



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Photogram by Miss E. V. Clarkson.

work, I am able to give "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one of her most popular subjects, though I do not think it is by any means her best style.

Miss E. J. Farnsworth, of Albany, New York, has a style and class of subject that are all her own. Mythology furnishes many of her ideas, and her pictures of lightly-draped figures, strongly lighted, and full of life and motion, are very popular. The examples illustrate the work better than any description I can give.

In New York, connected with the New York Camera Club and the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York, are a number of women workers whose names are well known in the photographic world, and whose work has taken a high position in the exhibitions of the Old World as well as in their own country. Among the most prominent of them are Mrs. Edith Lounsbery, whose work is chiefly figure and portrait studies; Miss Mary E. Martin, who has specially devoted herself to studies of animals and flowers; Mrs. J. Osborne Wright, whose landscapes are very beautiful; and Miss Elizabeth Almy Slade, whose specialty is European views, recording her travels in the Old World, and including a very fine series of Dutch and Norwegian subjects.

BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



MISS HELEN CONWAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.—E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

"They did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens."
"And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage."
"All their service wherein they made them serve was with rigour."

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, MR. J. C. HAWKSHAW.



According to the almost unanimous voice of those most conversant with Egyptian antiquities, the "great oppressor" of the Hebrews was Rameses II. Seti, his father, may have been the originator of the scheme for crushing them by hard usage, but it must have been continued under his son, for monuments show that he erected his buildings chiefly by

forced labour. He constructed the Great Wall for the protection of Egypt towards the East, the canal which united the Nile with the Red Sea, and countless buildings, excavations, obelisks, colossal statues and sphinxes, and other great works with which Egypt was adorned from one end to the other during his reign, which lasted for sixty-seven years.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

There probably never has been a time when books were at once more hideously and more charmingly produced. On the one hand, there are those ridiculously cheap editions of standard works on papers that are so bad as to be soon perishable, and, on the other, there are those beautiful books that are a joy to handle as well as a pleasure to read.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. have taken a foremost place among the publishers who issue such beautiful specimens of the bookman's art. Their name has recently become very popular through their delightful "Temple" edition of Shakspeare, and the exhibition of the originals of the illustrations to their books which has just been held at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours will add to their reputation. The artists most widely represented are Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, mostly in his earlier manner, Mr. J. D. Batten, Mr. E. J. Wheeler, Mr. W. C. Cooke, Mr. Herbert Railton, Mr. Anning Bell, Miss Nelly Erichsen, Miss Bertha Newcombe, and others. One very interesting feature of the exhibition was the bookbinding department.

The Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain have just opened at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours their thirty-ninth annual exhibition, and one is not far wrong in saying that the result is something of a revelation in mechanical art. Mechanical art we still must call it, of necessity, for, whatever the subsequent skill that may be expended upon them, in basis the photographer is the outcome of mechanism. You may arrange Nature for yourself afterwards, but it is Nature herself which fixes the first lines, which determines, as it were, the sketch.

So much being allowed, it is very wonderful to discover how far, in the art of photography, the rigidity of Nature may be softened and her accuracy arranged. Of old, in the young days of our fathers, it was considered enough that it should be possible to reproduce the objective world just as it was. A face, a pose, an attitude, these were sufficient for reproduction in all their harshness as they were delivered into the hands of the photographer by the fingers of the sun, and the photographer therewith made no fuss of his "art." It was enough that he could effect this wonderful mechanical achievement, and he rendered honour where honour was due. He numbered the copies of his handiwork, and informed you that, if there were need, you, with your foolish finger resting against your placid cheek, might be regularly repeated upon application for No. 1,842,763.



DANIASCH CARRIES OFF THE PRINCESS BADOURA.—J. D. BATTEN.
From Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s "Arabian Nights."



THE WHITE BIRD.—J. D. BATTEN.
From Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s "Arabian Nights."

But if one would judge how long a distance photography has travelled from this mechanical point, a visit to this exhibition would materially assist. Here are photographs whose artistic beauty is due as much to the photographer as to the all-seeing sun. Take, for example, three portraits exhibited by Mr. Bergheim, which are taken from the same subject; two of them are, in a sense, the mere work of Nature, unredeemed by the hand of man; the third is the result of a partnership entered upon by Nature and Mr. Bergheim. He calls it "Cinderella," and, whereas two of the three are hard and repellent, the third is sweet and softly beautiful. It would be impossible to deny the merits of the partnership.

Yet, if one turns from the artistic possibilities contained in the rigid photograph to the perfect accuracy which certain branches of the photographic science make possible, it would be absurd to deny that both problems are more or less successfully solved by the same medium. The photo-micrographs by Mr. Chadwick of parts of insects' bodies are marvellous in the detailed accuracy of each separate thousandth part of an inch. Scarcely less extraordinary are Mr. Brewerton's diatoms as shown in the photograph, or Dr. Leaming's anatomical preparations. It is Mr. Burrow who, in his underground studies, appears to have gone as far as one can be reasonably expected to go in the combination of scientific accuracy and effectiveness of result. Mr. Burrow, in reproducing the characteristic geological qualities of the Festiniog slate-quarries, has laboured with the help of magnesium and limelight, and his general results it would be impossible not to appreciate, both for the strange beauty of their essential quality and for the strict accuracy of the tale that they tell.

There is more than a multitude of exhibits about which it would be possible to write, if one could only treat them with due importance and proportion. It must suffice, therefore, that we have selected one or two types which more or less answer the theoretic questions which the art of photography has been, now for some little time, engaged in answering. For the moment, to sum up, one is inclined to say that in its present circumstance photography is too much of a science to be much of an art, and too much of an art for great achievements in science. But these things are still uncertain.

Mr. Ichenhäuser, of New Bond Street, points out to us that the picture from his gallery which was ascribed in these pages to Karl du Jardin was really by David Teniers, who died exactly two hundred years ago. The picture is remarkable, not only for the loving care evidently bestowed upon it by this unapproachable master, but also from the fact that it is the most important example of his work for sale in Europe. Mr. Ichenhäuser will be glad to show it to anybody interested in art.

America has not been slow to acknowledge her appreciation of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who has just presented to the United States his picture, "Love and Life," recently exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago. The picture had to be accepted with all the formalities of an Act of Congress, an engrossed copy of which has just been forwarded to Mr. Watts. The copy is accompanied by the formal thanks of the

There is no particular comment to be made, as the competition is already sufficiently curious.

Electric light is going forth into the art world conquering and to conquer. It is not difficult to understand the reason why. Nothing could be more attractive both for its own essential effectiveness and for the vicarious effectiveness which electric light lends to natural objects. There is a beauty in the clarity of its gold and in the quality of its colour which no other artificial light possesses. It was no wonder, therefore, to hear, some time ago, of the electric light which had been laid down at the Royal Academy. That experiment has proved so successful that the electric light has now been fitted up all over the schools and buildings of the same institution. The work has been completed during the recess.

The Continental Gallery is well worth a visit by those who are desirous of acquainting themselves with the work of those French artists who have this year at the Salon either extended or preserved their reputations. M. Bérard's two pictures, "Les Foyer des Artistes à la Comédie Française" and "General Logerot," deserve to have the general estimate of their merits precisely reversed. The first, which secured quite a Parisian reputation, owes its notoriety entirely to its subject, which naturally impresses the fashionable world; the second picture, however, possesses ten times the merit of the first. It has a completeness in itself and a frankness in its style which are most satisfactory in comparison with the merely local interest and the scrappy achievement of the "Foyer."

A picture by "Gyp" has the sound of something piquant about it. Unfortunately, the piquancy ends with the sound of the sentence. "Gyp's" "Bébé" is really a very uninteresting, even a weak piece of work. The drawing is anyhow, and the composition here and there. It would scarcely be possible to overrate the literary wit of the lady in question. Unfortunately, literary wit and pigment are not very sociable bedfellows; theoretically, one can imagine a literary man to be a great artist; so one can imagine a gold mountain. It is a pity, however, that literature should be, as in this case, the sole incentive to art. "Gyp's" art is not justified by her literature, and there is the whole matter in a nutshell.

Constant's portrait of M. Blowitz, exhibited in the same gallery, is, perhaps, the most solid and satisfactory piece of work to be found there. One would hesitate, perhaps, to regard it in any exceptional light as an artistic portrait—as a portrait, that is, which has any pretence to beauty for its own sake—but there is to be said of it that it is firmly modelled, and painted in a virile, frank style, and, moreover, that it is an excellent likeness—the kind of likeness one calls a looking-glass portrait, extremely clever, extremely neat, but not exactly a Rembrandt.

M. Clairin's large canvas, "The Last Mass: Moors Sacking a Cathedral in Spain," is not so gorgeous a piece of work as some of its admirers have claimed for it. The lovers of melodrama and stagey effect may drink to their full of joy in the presence of this gigantic work, which not for a moment can be compared to the far less ambitious, but far more beautiful work of the same painter of earlier times.

Month by month the illustrated magazines put forward greater and greater efforts to attract as much by the superiority of their illustrations as by the excellence of their letterpress. The magazines for October continue to vie with one another in this respect with admirable zeal. Among, perhaps, the most charming of the coloured illustrations is the frontispiece of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, called "The Cottage by the River," a soft and tender landscape set in a full-moon-shaped medallion. In the foreground two yellow butterflies and a growth of soft pink-and-white flowers relieve the gentle middle distance and background in a charming arrangement of line and colour.



OLD OAKS, WEST WICKHAM, KENT.—PHILIP NORMAN.

Congress, and the picture, meanwhile, has been placed in the Executive Mansion, Washington. The American nation evidently does not suffer under a burden of ingratitude.

Mr. I. Zangwill's book, "The Master," which has been, and still is, running through the pages of *To-Day*, will be one of singular interest to the artistic world. Placed, as the story is, at the very heart of the fashionable world of art, Mr. Zangwill's knowledge is shown in it to be extensive and peculiar. His satire upon the common artistic theories of the times, as expounded in the common chatter of the clubs, and of artists with "points of view," is both clever and sufficiently true to excuse the necessary touch of exaggeration—necessary, that is, for the colour effects. The serial has not yet been completed, but sufficient has already appeared to demonstrate that Mr. Zangwill has contributed something very fresh and very effective in his observation of the artistic ways and manners of the time, to do which is something not to be despised.

We shall soon welcome the publication of the "Life of John Russell, R.A.," by Dr. George Williamson, a book remarkably illustrated by numerous examples, exquisitely finished, of Russell's pastel art. It will be published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, and should prove to be a fit companion to the "Life of Sir Edward Burne-Jones," published by the same firm. The introduction is written by Lord Ronald Gower;

the whole work should prove to be among the most prominent artistic publications of the season.

That rather curious competition, the best designs for household furniture regulated on the principles laid down by Owen Jones, has just been decided. Readers will remember that the prizes were six. Pupils of Fine Art schools have secured these prizes. Scarborough wins two, while Nottingham, Glasgow, Macclesfield, and Durham secure one each.



THE ARRIVAL OF LADY MACLACHLAN.
NELLY ERICHSEN.

From Miss Ferrier's "Marriage" (Messrs. Dent and Co.'s Edition).



SHE LEANT HER CHEEK AGAINST THE BACK OF A CHAIR,
AND GAVE WAY TO THE ANGUISH WHICH MOCKED
CONTROL.—NELLY ERICHSEN.

From Miss Ferrier's "Marriage" (Messrs. Dent and Co.'s Edition).

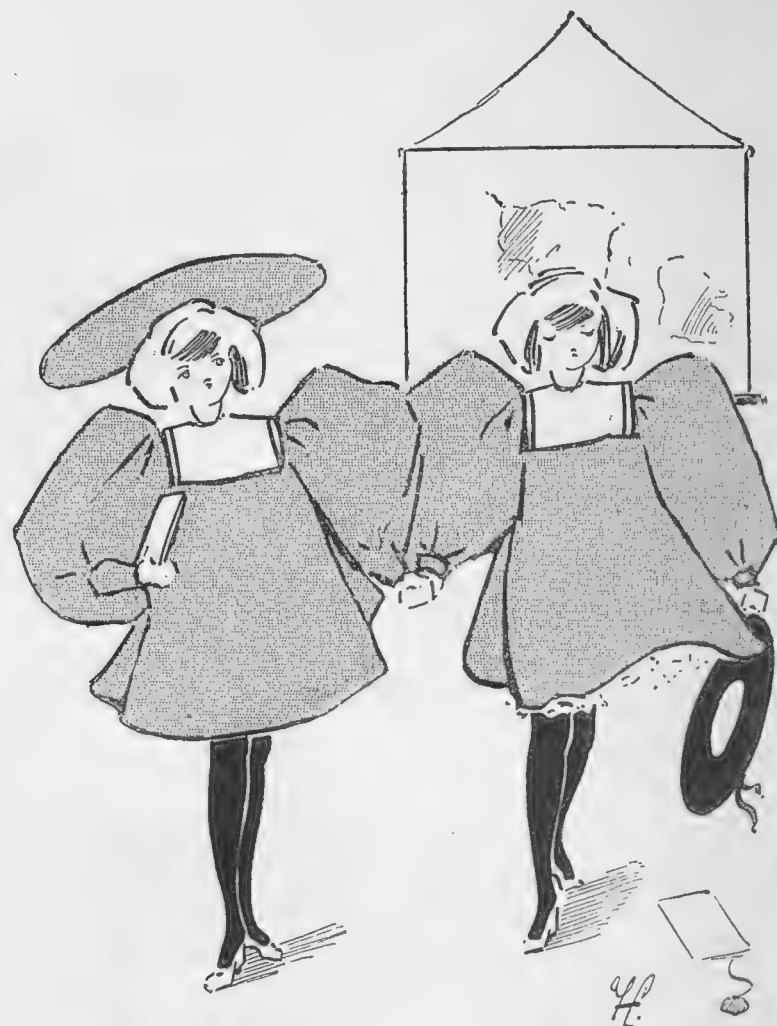
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"FOR I AM A MAN OF THE TOWN."



OUR BABY.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE SCHOOL STRIKE: TWO BLACKLEGS.



THE BELLE OF THE PIER.



THE NEW SCHOOLGIRL.



NOT A NEW WOMAN.





A DISTINGUISHED HONOUR.

JACK TOADY: "Ah! Messhew le Duck, comment vous portez-vous?"

THE DUKE: "I do not remember, I have not ze plaiser—"

JACK TOADY: "I had the honour of being kicked by your horse when it bolted with you in the Shormps Elcezey last May."

NOAH'S ARK MEMORIES.*

There are moments of this monotonous quick march which we call modern life when the more thoughtful of us stand aside a little for brief breathing-space, while the others hurry hotly by. A fireside evening, perhaps, when we find ourselves absolutely alone. A lonely walk through drowsing summer lanes, or even in the midst of busy toil, when some stray circumstance jangles on a long-forgotten note of



From "Other People's Business."

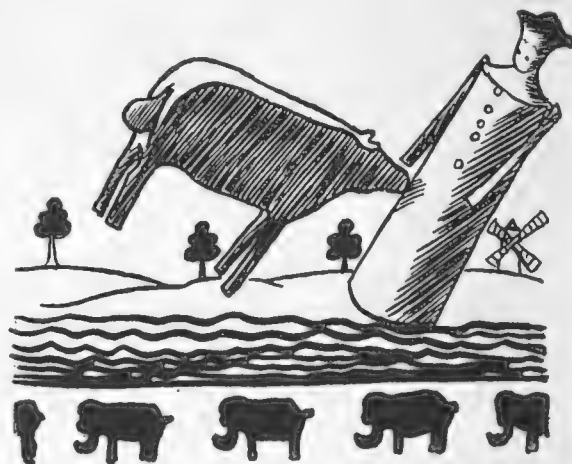
memory, and the past springs out of our everyday dusk with a clarion cry of recollection. Curious, too, how easily turned these long-closed gates that free the sluice of early recollection. I was passing along, absorbed, unthinking, through an old West-End square the other evening, when a laughing child came to a window with something half-familiar but forgotten in its little hands—a tiny red house, a Noah's Ark. And the eternal joy of infancy was reproduced again in the little face before me and its quaint toy-treasure. I looked again at the house. It was one associated with my own early youth, but it is the children of the children I knew there long ago who greet me there to-day. New steps are on the stairs, new faces at the door, new voices, but with the accents of the old. It is my grown-up Noah's Ark, my wonderful, mysterious cave of many memories. Sweet with old days, laid by in its lavender and rosemary, I never spend an evening in this Noah's Ark of mine without living a double existence. The old time is there alongside the new, but within it, and the thought of those old young days runs through the pleasure of the present hour like the air of a well-known melody half heard through the roudades of the musician—the old days of Noah's Arks, and peg-tops, and nursery firelit evenings, which recur as vividly now and again as if they had never been shattered into new forms of beauty in the restless kaleidoscope of Time.

I was led to this reverie by the contemplation of two books which have come under my notice. The first, "Other People's Business," is a collection of broadly amusing sketches, with more of farce than comedy in their treatment. The author of this series very thoroughly contravenes an old commandment, and treats of "other people's business" at little length, but much humour. Beginning with a phase of mankind commonly called the dramatic critic, who is, in turn,

criticised and castigated without quarter, and including such classes as "clerks," "masters," and so forth, the author points his fusillades of banter with keen sarcasm aforethought, while showing very sufficient appreciation of the grotesque in other various and varied chapters. A certain forcing-pump symptom in the humour is employed

here and there, and perhaps the best chapter is that which heads the list and gives this series of fragments its name. Some nonsense verse scattered through the book may appeal to the lovers of versification, and a phonetically-spelt narrative of a modern Noah's Ark gives variety to other examples of the idiom; while at the end one chapter is devoted to a simple little tale of "o'er true" pathos, which very considerably leavens the whole.

The second, "A Book of Absurdities," is entirely devoted to Noah's Ark. When we were boys—or girls, for the matter of that—our childish ideas of Noah's Ark went by no means as deeply into that abode of pristine pluralities as the author of these far-reaching "Absurdities" does in his new and charming version of the same. A baa-lamb with a cow or two that laughed at anatomy, and Noah himself, urbane and sometimes unsteady of gait, in yellow paint and a shovel hat, were all we had. Even when the long drawn out novelty of the Ark and its inhabitants died down into disuse, there was still the paint to suck off every figure, with the ensuing change of scene and flavour. The present author's Ark in his vividly-drawn "Book of Absurdities" is a very different affair, every animal, from flea to megalosaurus, being duly rhymed and labelled in "grotesques" of verse and picture cleverly drawn and jingled. The book should be a welcome one to small people, with its quaint processions of "animals all," from the sedate and respectable ones, who, according to all tradition, came in "two by two," to the disreputable monkeys, of which an over-generous allowance was made, if we may accept the dictum of an "Old Volunteer," who relates that the animals came in "twelves by twelves," and the monkeys had to get up on the shelves, and, furthermore, propounds altogether some astonishing theories, which one is willing to accept, nevertheless, on such entertaining authority. c.



From "Other People's Business."

* "Other People's Business." By Arnold Golsworthy. London: Morland, Judd, and Co.
"A Book of Absurdities." By an Old Volunteer. London: Cassell and Co.



"The animals went in five by five;
The Bumble Bee, with his brand-new hive."

From "A Book of Absurdities."

Seven Prize Medals



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. A 6d. assorted sample box of any stationer

"Lanoline"

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.

Toilet "Lanoline".....6d. & 1/
"Lanoline" Soap.....6d. & 1/
"Lanoline" Pomade....1/6.
& Cold Cream.

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tried,
always
used."

Should be used in every household, as { nothing is better
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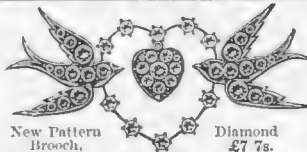
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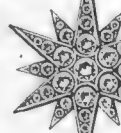
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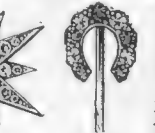
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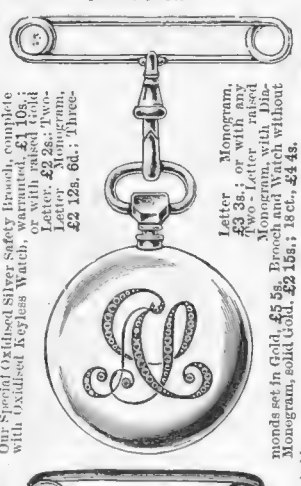
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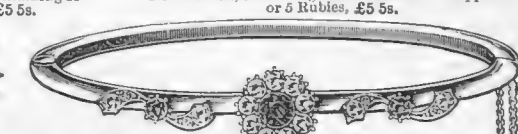
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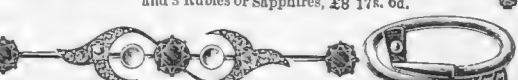
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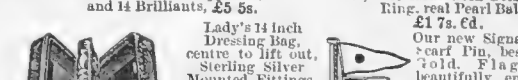
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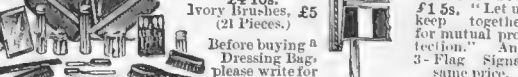
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ST. WINEFRIDE'S WONDERFUL WELL.

St. Winefride's Well, at Holywell, North Wales, for which miraculous powers of healing are claimed, has a romantic history. The saint lived in the seventh century. She was of noble family, distinguished for the piety of her disposition, and at an early age decided to renounce the world and devote her life to the service of the Church. Before she had taken her vows her hand was claimed in marriage by a Welsh prince, Caradoc by name, and on her refusal to meet his wishes the barbarian, in a fit of ungovernable rage, cut off her head. As the head fell a miracle was performed. Water rushed from the spot on which the head alighted, though hitherto the region had been noted for desolation and barrenness, and the flow has continued even unto this day,

crypt of a fine Gothic chapel, situated on the side of a hill commanding views of the estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey. Its basin is enclosed by eight artistically-wrought pillars, which rise to a richly-traceried canopy of stone. Originally the design was more elaborate, but much of the ornate decoration was destroyed about the period of the Reformation. On all the pillars are hung crutches, partially hidden by dust, cobwebs, and other accumulations of time, and there is a large collection of similar helps for the weak-limbed, of later date, reared against the walls. An altar, surmounted by a plaster figure of St. Winefride, stands in one corner of the shrine. Here services are regularly held by Father Beauclerk, S.J., priest of the Holywell Catholic Mission, and few more impressive ordinances can be seen. Brilliantly lighted by hundreds of candles, the old crypt is wonderfully picturesque, and not less striking are the intense devotion and supreme faith of the bands of pilgrims, many of



BATHING IN ST. WINEFRIDE'S WELL AT 6.30 A.M.

and shows no sign of diminishing. Even greater marvels followed the decapitation. The severed head rolled down the hill among a congregation who were attending the celebration of Mass by St. Beuno. Amazement and horror overcame the people, followed by a natural feeling of indignation when they saw the perpetrator of the crime on the hill-top, calmly wiping his sword on the grass, and apparently glorying in his deed. St. Beuno reverently picked up the head, and, approaching the murderer, called forth Divine vengeance. His appeal was answered immediately. Caradoc fell dead, and the earth, opening its mouth, swallowed him up. Returning to the altar, the priest fixed St. Winefride's head on her shoulders, covered the body with his cloak and again called to Heaven. This time he prayed that God would restore the virgin to life, and again his prayer was granted. St. Winefride woke, as if from sleep, and lived for many years a life of surpassing sanctity and holiness. For a long period she ministered at the spring which her decapitation had miraculously called into existence, and afterwards became abbess of an adjoining nunnery.

Such is the legend which has been handed down to these times; such the story which the pilgrims to the well are told and some of them believe. For more than a thousand years the fame of the well and its power of healing those afflicted both in body and in soul have been widely known. The summer months have invariably brought pilgrims to the shrine from far and near, and the records show that several of the English kings, beginning with William the Conqueror and ending with James II., have laved in the blessed waters. The well is situated in the

them mere wrecks of humanity, who have come to St. Winefride's shrine when all other help has failed.

During the hours devoted to bathing the scenes at the well are strange and unique. Adjoining the basin, into which the water is continually bubbling, is a narrow bath, and outside the building an open-air bath of larger dimensions. Some of the pilgrims content themselves with drinking the water in the basin, others strip and enter the baths. Mothers may often be seen immersing afflicted children, who shriek with cold as they are dipped. Nothing is more impressive than witnessing helpless invalids carried into the water by stronger relatives, and there is something extremely pathetic in the spectacle of blind men laving their eyes. The bath completed, all the invalids kneel at the altar and implore the saint to have mercy upon them and remove their affliction.

The devotion and faith of the pilgrims are genuine beyond question, and many stories of remarkable cures are told. The cures occur every week, and include the restoration of sight to the blind, of perfect speech to those who have been troubled with stammering, and of good health to patients afflicted with rheumatism, indigestion, paralysis, and, indeed, most of the ills to which human flesh is heir. A course of three baths is generally taken, and some of the pilgrims who have received partial but not complete cure return to the well again and again. A hospice has been erected for their accommodation, in which the charge for board and lodging is the nominal sum of one shilling a day, and a new and more commodious building is at present in course of erection.



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Thomas Watson, in his grand work on medicine, states that these are just the cases in which a reliable tonic is so necessary, and where it will accomplish so much.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I am sure the reproduction of Mr. Walter Crane's design for the new edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which Mr. George Allen is about to publish in parts, will delight those who intend to possess themselves of this beautiful *édition de luxe*.

Messrs. Macmillan are to commence the publication of a new series of two-shilling novels. The first will be by Mr. Marion Crawford. The books are to be bound in limp cloth, with a pretty design by Mr. Laurence Housman.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has completed his article on "My Boyhood in Scotland," which will be published in America. It is a beautiful piece of writing.

"The Wide Wide World," which was the only novel Bishop Thirlwall could not read, is renewing its popularity in America, where a new edition is published by Messrs. Lippincott. It is described by American matrons as "the lachrymal stand-by of their childhood."

Is it true that a grave and learned weekly contemporary is to be edited by a lady?

Some interesting reminiscences of journalism will be found in the new *Blackwood* by Mr. T. H. S. Escott. It contains some notes upon James Macdonell, Godfrey Turner, T. W. Robertson, and others. Mr. Escott, however, is much more indebted to books whose help he does not acknowledge than to his own memory:

Yet another volume from the author of "A Son of the Marshes"; the title will be "From Spring to Fall."

One of the most promising of the new books is "The Life and Adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb," by his widow. Mr. Rider Haggard prefixes an introduction, in which he says: "Rarely, if ever, in this nineteenth century has a man lived so strange and varied an existence." "Adventures are to the adventurous," the saying tells us, and certainly they were to Mr. Jebb. From the time that he came to manhood he was a wanderer, and how it chanced that he survived the many perils of his daily life is nothing less than a mystery."

The authors of "The Green Carnation" (Heinemann) may be sure of the flattery of imitations on one point. The particular form of the personalities which they indulge in will appeal strongly to some young writers searching for sensation of a direct and obvious kind. There was something not wholly satisfactory in the old way of bringing your friends, neighbours, and contemporaries into your writing, since their names had to be changed or represented by dashes. Unless your description was very apt, the identification might never be made at all—a disappointing result. But to say something reminds you of Clement Scott's articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, or utter some unmistakable rudeness, and, without any shyness, declare you mean Mr. Grant Allen, or Mr. Joseph Knight, or Frederick Wedmore, or Jerome K. Jerome—the titles of courtesy are cratically distributed—will recommend itself to the straightforward mind of extreme youth. It is so easy and so sure of hitting its mark.

But "The Green Carnation" has better points, where imitations will not be so certain. There is plenty of clever satire in it, directed at what is worth while satirising, seeing it is an absurdity that seems liable to attack not only fools, but people of potential brain-power as well. "I have written a great novel upon Iceland," says Amaranth, "full of

colour, of passion, of the most subtle impurity, yet I could not point you out Iceland upon the map. I do not know where it is, or what it is. I only know that it has a beautiful name, and that I have written a beautiful thing about it." And he says a great deal more which parodies as neatly, and with as little exaggeration, the mannerisms of his kind.

But the smart young writers should have made up their minds on one thing, whether they meant a satire or a farce. Beginning, presumably, as satire, "The Green Carnation" ends as the broadest farce when Amaranth addresses the gaping Sunday-school children on the necessity of folly, disobedience, and absurdity. At this point the authors seem to have changed their original intention. This is the kind of thing that would only have its best chance on the farcical stage—

I am absurd. For years I have tried in vain not to hide it. . . . I have practically failed, but I am not without hope. . . . I am absurd, and have been so for very many years, and in very many ways. . . . I have lain upon hearthrugs and eaten passion flowers; I have clothed myself in breeches of white samite, and offered my friends yellow jonquils instead of afternoon tea. But when æstheticism became popular in Bayswater—a part of London built for the delectation of the needy rich—I felt that it was absurd no longer, and I turned to other things. It was then, one golden summer day, among the flowering woods of Richmond, that I invented a new art, the art of preposterous conversation.

Sir Edwin Arnold's "Wandering Words" are dated from the four quarters of the globe, but mostly from very civilised centres—at least, that is the impression they leave on a reader. In spite of the mention of a few dangers and disasters, such as a wreck on the Nile, it is a very smooth record indeed of very gentlemanly and well-ordered and very intelligent travelling. One of the objections to such gentlemanly and well-ordered travelling is that you are evidently entertained frequently in a princely manner, and that when you write your adventures you have to describe and publicly thank your friends, which is far from entertaining to your readers.

Those who read travel books for the change they provide from ordinary dull, comfortable life will find "Wandering Words" a little tame, but to tourists with leisure and opportunities and pecuniary resources it should be a very suggestive book indeed. There are good stories of the sentimental and poetical order in it; the narrative of incidents, by-the-way, is poor enough, with the exception of the description of Japan, which is admirable. But what strikes a reader most forcibly is the complacent tone in which he seems to bid the whole world to be satisfied with its lot. Sir Edwin would appear to be entirely content with that sphere in which Providence has thought fit to allow him to wander.

Mr. O'Donoghue is known to be one of the most patriotic Irishmen living. He compiled a biographical dictionary of Irish writers—complete enough, in all conscience, so far as his contemporaries were concerned, and in which fame was pressed on the obscurest, the most modestly retiring. Now he has edited selections from the humour of Ireland for Mr. Walter Scott's International Humour Series.

Mr. O'Donoghue had been wise if, after putting so many of his contemporaries into his dictionary, he had omitted the whole of them from his humorous volume. It is a lopsided selection he has been able to make. Mr. Oscar Wilde, for some reason, has had to be left out. There are passages in Mr. W. B. Yeats's "Celtic Twilight" that would not only have borne transplanting, but would have been peculiarly representative of the humour that seems to be replacing that of Lover and Lever; but he is not among Mr. O'Donoghue's humorists. I wonder how Mr. George Bernard Shaw likes to see himself figuring as a humorist of Ireland on the strength of some cuttings from his "Corno di Bassetto" articles in the *Star*. The creator of the "chocolate-cream soldier" has better credentials. Truly, what with difficulties made by authors and publishers, not to mention the fallibility of his own judgment, an editor editing his contemporaries treads a perilous path. So far as the rest of the volume is concerned, the selection is the best that has appeared in the series.

Mr. A. H. Miles, with great industry, has compiled a capital volume entitled "One Thousand and One Anecdotes" (Hutchinson and Co.). It is methodically arranged, and will cause a good deal of amusement. Of course the editor could not avoid a few "chestnuts," but the majority of the stories are well worth the telling. The following is new to us—

A Frenchman was once rescued from drowning in the Thames, and taken to an adjacent tavern, where he was advised to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy-and-water. Addressing the waiter who was mixing it, he said: "Sir, I shall thank you not to make it a fortnight." "A fortnight?" replied the waiter. "Hadn't you better take it directly?" "Oh, yes, Monsieur, directly, to be sure, but not a fortnight, not two weeks."

The diner-out and anyone who wishes to enliven his conversation will find a mine of humour in the book. The anecdotes of children are particularly good, and to the other excellent qualities of the volume Mr. Miles adds an index which would have satisfied even the late Earl of Carnarvon.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The latest development in the football world is the formation of a professional football league in America. The league is composed chiefly of professional players from the leading baseball clubs, the idea being to give these men employment during the winter season. The Association game in America is still in its infancy, for the few clubs throughout the States and Canada are mostly composed of men who have learned the game in this country. Now that the professional league has been established, however, it is evident that the Americans mean business. With true Yankee enterprise, they have invited the Sunderland Football Club to make a trip to America next spring, and engage in a series of matches with representative and club teams. From an educational point of view, they have made a wise choice in asking Sunderland to visit them. There is no doubt that the Scotchmen playing under that name are the most skilful combination now in England. They play the game as it ought to be played. They

comes to playing a powerful Yorkshire team like Manningham I am afraid the visitors will keep the Frenchmen too busy for the latter to take notes or learn much of their methods.

Considering the great accession of representative junior clubs which recently have gained places on the Council of the London Football Association, I shall not be surprised to see that old conservative amateur body turned into a go-ahead professional association before very long. For a great number of years the London Association has been governed by a group of men altogether out of sympathy with the majority of London clubs. Had they made some concessions to the juniors, it is quite possible that they would have been allowed to have gone on undisturbed for a long time. Now, however, that the juniors have suddenly found themselves in power, it is hardly likely that they will show much mercy to the men who were so merciless to them. I am glad, however, that a few of the more sympathetic of the older men still retain their seats on

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C. P. McGahey (Capt.).

G. Meggs.

Photo by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane, W.C.
W. Ingram.

THE CITY RAMBLERS.

are not great Cup-tie fighters, but that is, perhaps, to their credit. It is a well-known fact that a Cup tie is never won by a purely scientific team. I believe that Sunderland will play about twelve matches in America, one being against Combined America, at New York, and another against Canada, at Montreal. The team will leave England immediately after Easter, and will be absent about a couple of months.

But American enterprise has not ended with the invitation to Sunderland. Almost as soon as the news was flashed across the Atlantic that a professional league had been formed in America, there appeared in Lancashire one or two emissaries of the new body, on the outlook for professional players to go out from this country to the United States. Lancashire was the happy hunting-ground of the American football agent. It is understood that he has made overtures to one or two players connected with Blackburn Rovers and Burnley to go out to America and act as coaches to the new teams about to be formed. With this new development of football in the States, we may soon expect to see frequent visits of English teams to America, and by-and-by American teams will probably visit this country. In a few years from now international matches between England and America will be quite a matter of course.

International football is becoming more common every year. Manningham, one of the leading Yorkshire Rugby clubs, has made home-and-home fixtures with the Stade Française, a club not unknown in England. The Frenchmen's idea of Rugby football is as yet rather elementary, but there is no reason why they should not play the game quite as well as young John Bull. Undoubtedly, the best way of learning the game is to play against clubs better than one's self, but when it

the council, if only to guide and steady the rather "heady" youths who form the majority of the junior representatives.

The struggle for the League Championship still remains a very close thing between the three leaders—Everton, Sunderland, and Aston Villa. The matches for next Saturday will probably see some changes in the relative positions of the competing clubs. The visit of Aston Villa to Nottingham, to play the Forest club, may cause some apprehension in Birmingham. The Villans will do very well indeed if they can return with a victory. The same may be said for Blackburn Rovers, who visit Preston to play North End. Everton at home should not have much difficulty in gaining two points at the expense of Bolton Wanderers, who, so far, have been rather disappointing. I see little hope for Burnley when they visit Sheffield to play the Wednesday club. Up to date, Sheffield United have been going very strongly, and it will surprise no one if they hold their own against the Liverpool club at Liverpool. Small Heath have already created more than one surprise, but it would be no surprise were they to gain two League points by defeating Wolverhampton Wanderers. Stoke have done so badly in the competition that the only thing Sunderland may have to fear in their match at the pottery town is their own over-confidence. It is hardly likely, however, that the "Team of All the Talents" will be caught napping.

Although Rugby football has been in progress for a few weeks in Lancashire and Yorkshire, it was only established in the south of England last Saturday, when Blackheath had a visit from the Frankfurt club. This club, I believe, was originally founded by Englishmen, and the foreigners, although, of course, no match for Blackheath, show that they possess more than a mere knowledge of the rudiments of

[Continued on page 553.]

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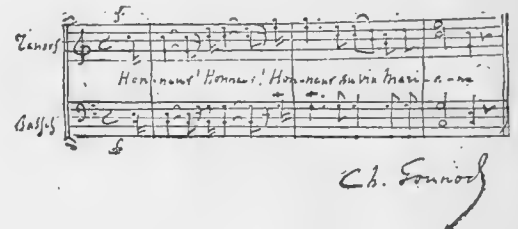
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the game. Next week Blackheath play Middlesex Wanderers. The London Scottish Club this year will share the Richmond Athletic ground along with the Richmond Club. I hear that the Scottish will be quite

as strong as last season, and, if only they could get hold of a few heavy forwards, there would be no stronger club in England. I am afraid that we have already seen the best days of the Richmond Club. At one time they disputed with Blackheath and London Scottish the right of being considered the best club in the south of England, but during the past few seasons they have sunk into a moderate second-rate position. Let us hope they will show better form this season. One of the largest clubs in London, if not in the world, is Catford Bridge.

CYCLING.

The twelve-hours' race for the Anchor Shield at Herne Hill on the 22nd ult. was a very fine one, and the performance of A. E. Walters, who made the world's record distance of 258 miles 120 yards,

was remarkable. Mr. Walters, who rode a Whitworth machine with Palmer tyres, though known to be a speedy man, was not expected to achieve such a victory as winning the Anchor Shield. OLYMPIAN.



Percival.

Photo by Altmann.
Parrish.

WALTERS' TRAINERS.



Photo by Lang-Sims, Brixton Road, S.W.

A. E. WALTERS, WINNER OF THE ANCHOR SHIELD.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

There will be a great gathering of racing men at Kempton on Saturday to witness the race for the Duke of York Stakes. The Prince of Wales, who is a free member of the Kempton Park Club, is very likely to be present. The race has caught on with owners, and I think we shall see an exciting contest. Colonel North is nothing if not patriotic, and I shall be surprised if El Diablo is not started. If the horse runs, he should win—that is, taking the book for a guide. Avington has a welter weight to carry, but he likes the course. He won last year cleverly, but I think even on that form he is held harmless by El Diablo.

I am told the recent raids on City betting men have caused a big addition to the business of the people running lists on the Continent. Firms of the standing of Webster and Hardaway and Topping receive something like 2000 letters from England per day enclosing money, and this entails an immense amount of clerical work. The firms in question always have their agents at work in the London clubs making hedging bets for them, so that they do not stand to be shot at over any particular race.

Several big commissions have now been worked over the Autumn Handicaps, and I imagine both races will be largely charged with interest right up to flag-fall. The critics are unanimous in the opinion that a very ragged lot will go to the post for the Cesarewitch, and the race is not likely to take much winning. The horse to take this race must be able to stay, and for that reason Filepa is likely to have plenty of supporters, while Ragimunde, who is very well, has been backed by the Duke of Hamilton and his friends. For the Cambridgeshire, a great rush has been made to get on Son of a Gun, who belongs to a young Scotchman, Mr. F. Alexander. This horse is bound to run very well.

There are one or two ugly rumours about certain owners of racehorses, and I expect to hear of a "warning off" presently. I am told that several times within the last few months horses that had great chances have been sent to meetings, and certain agents have been set to work to lay prices right out against them in north-country towns, and then the animals have not started. Of course, the evidence must be very clear before anyone could be convicted of a crime so serious. At the same time, if any owner did such a rascally act, his proper place would, in my opinion, be the dock at the Old Bailey.

Many of our Dukes are tiring of owning horses. The Duke of St. Albans keeps one or two still, but the Duke of Devonshire has sold off, so has the Duke of Beaufort. The Dukes of Westminster, Portland, and Hamilton still patronise the sport of kings liberally, and the Duke of Montrose delights in having a few horses trained under his own eye in Scotland. The Duke of Richmond has not run horses for many years, but the Duke of Marlborough is likely to register his racing colours.

One nobleman has been engaged in bookmaking for years. Another, Lord Marcus Beresford, acted for some time as Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club, but very few of the aristocracy have taken to training. There is one notable exception, however, in the case of Lord Durham's brother, the Hon. George Lambton, who trains for Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, Sir Samuel Scott, and Sir Horace Farquhar. The Hon. George Lambton was educated at Eton, and afterwards obtained a lieutenancy in the 3rd Battalion Sherwood Foresters. He was an adept at riding, and was ultimately induced to try his hand on a racecourse. A dozen years back he was winning races on such horses as Woodcock, Tagus, Atolos, and Julius. He rode in the Grand National several times, but was not lucky enough to land a winner. Savoyard was his mount in 1888, and again in 1889. Since the last-mentioned year Mr. Lambton has not ridden in the big Liverpool steeplechase. As a trainer he has been fairly successful, and he will be more so next year.

The life of an active tout would be very interesting reading indeed. I was talking to a well-known horse-watcher the other day, and he let me into a few, a very few, secrets of the profession. One celebrated horse was being tried, and my informant did not know how to get to see the spin unnoticed. However, a brewer's dray came along just in time, and he rode with the driver, and by the aid of powerful glasses was enabled to see the finish, which took place a mile from the straight road. When the Prince of Wales's steeplechase mare was tried, my friend laid down in the open ditch and the horses jumped over him three times. He rose from his hiding-place, and, lodging his glasses on the fence, saw quite enough of the finish to win a good stake over the mare when she was successful at Sandown Park. Mr. Rodley, who is one of the biggest horse-watchers at Newmarket, has built a tower on his mansion, from which, by the aid of a fine telescope, he can cover the trial grounds.

The cross-country season will, I am glad to hear, be a busy one; but the National Hunt Committee must continue the work they commenced last season of hunting down evil-doers, or many of the upper classes will leave the sport severely alone. The supply of hunters and chasers will be up to the average. Captain Bewicke has a strong stable of horses at Andover, where his near neighbour, Mr. Willie Moore, is doing good work with a lengthy string on the Weyhill racecourse. The Epsom stables are filled, and at Lewes Escott has a useful lot of horses. Halsey trains some nice jumpers at Findon. S. Woodland has thirty in his stables at Chichester, and his brother Edward schools several at Redhill. Mr. G. B. Milne will, it is understood, manage the jumpers at Newmarket that have been under the care of the Hon. G. Lambton. Luker at Ilsey and W. Woodland in the Midlands have several jumpers, and Craddock at Wroughton has some useful hunters and chasers.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

It is decreed by the powers that be in the kingdom of Dame Fashion that before many weeks have passed over our heads the elect shall be distinguished by the wearing of bodices formed of caracule (the skin of the baby Persian lamb), the plain skirts and sleeves being of cloth. The combination is an effective one, and these costumes, besides looking extremely smart, are sensible withal, as they are warm enough to form an ample protection against the chilly winds of late autumn. Also, they, naturally, cannot by any stretch of imagination be called inexpensive; but, as this is to be pre-eminently a season of rich fabrics, I expect that, somehow or other, we shall all manage to appear in the fur bodices and the velvet coats, without which no one will be able to enter the charmed circle of those who follow closely in Dame Fashion's footsteps. Let us hope, however, that a reaction will in due course set in, and that, as a natural consequence of this wild extravagance, the early spring will find us worshipping at the shrine of sweet simplicity. However, to return to the present, materials which bear a close resemblance to the favourite fur will also be in great demand for skirts, which will be worn with velvet bodices—for instance, a skirt of this kind in black will accompany a bodice of rich red, or, maybe, cornflower-blue velvet, and, in fact, the changes will be rung through the whole list of colours, with, in some instances, startling effects. As to the making of the skirts, they will, if anything, be a little fuller, while the bodices will be much embroidered—in fact, embroidery, more or less elaborate, will appear on almost every garment, a fact which will materially increase the cost. Evidently there is no help for it, we shall be forced into extravagance willy-nilly, and the patience of long-suffering husbands and fathers will be considerably taxed in consequence, as will also their cheque-books. There is one thing, though, which outweighs all other considerations: we shall all appear to our very best advantage in these costly garments, for velvet and fur are becoming to everybody, let their age or their complexion be what it may. So let us be thankful for this by no means small mercy, and, above all, let us put ourselves into the hands of a modiste whose charges are, in the first instance, moderate, so that we may have all the more money to expend on the materials. But, also, she must be clever, for fur and velvet require to be cut to perfection, otherwise the result would be disastrous. Such a one is Madame Thorpe, to whose pretty salon at 106, New Bond Street, a good many of you, my readers, have already found your way, I know. Well, she is thoroughly prepared for you with all the latest novelties, including most successful examples of the styles of which I have already told you. And then she has some original creations of her own, to the charms of which I fell a ready victim; nor did I rest till I had secured sketches of two particularly fascinating examples for your edification. Take first the new pelisse, which is specially intended for those whose figures have lost their pristine slimness, and who desire to make the fact as little obvious as possible. Golden-brown cloth is the principal material, but the entire front, which widens out as it reaches the bottom, is of caracule, while an added richness of effect is given by large pointed revers of black velvet, bordered with a band of embroidery combining the two colours, these revers tapering to a point below the waist, where they are continued into knotted ends, which fall at each side of the fur. A turned-down collar of the cloth tapers into narrow revers, which fall over the under ones of velvet, and the puffed sleeves are finished off at the elbow with a full pleated cuff, turned back in a point on the inside with the embroidered velvet. In every way a most desirable, and, withal, cosy and useful garment, though the fact is so obvious that I need not insist upon it.



A NEW PELISSE.

The smart visiting costume is calculated to make a prettily-rounded figure look even more attractive than usual, the arrangement of the bodice, which is cut open in straps over a perfectly plain under-bodice of canary-coloured cloth, being particularly becoming. The dress itself is made in a new French material, in the shade of blue known as the "York," and striped narrowly with raised lines of black, which go round the skirt and bodice—it is but seldom that we see stripes arranged in any other way nowadays. The skirt is bordered with a band of fur, and the bodice-straps are edged with very fine black-and-steel passementerie, the bodice being outlined at the waist with the same effective trimming. The full sleeves have deep gauntlet-cuffs of velvet, and a draped collar-band of the same soft fabric adds still another link to the chain of evidence which proves that velvet, placed next to the face, is always a wise arrangement. Then there is a smart little cape, formed of two full frills, the top of the material, and the under and deeper one of velvet, and there you have complete a perfect and seasonable costume, and one, too, which is delightfully and surprisingly moderate in price. Just to give you an idea of Madame Thorpe's charges, I may tell you of a particularly smart gown of green cloth, effectively combined with canary-coloured cloth, and trimmed with handsome green and steel braiding, ten guineas being the sum necessary for its purchase; while for the modest outlay of five guineas you can become the possessor of an altogether *chic* gown of green zibeline cloth, with a yoke of tomato-coloured velvet, and cleverly-introduced touches of fur for trimming. So now with an easy mind you can betake yourselves to 106, New Bond Street, and be garbed according to the latest commandments of Dame Fashion.

BEAUTIFUL CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE.

The vast majority of people have a perfectly genuine admiration for Chippendale chairs and tables and other articles of furniture, but even if this were not so they would most probably profess that it was the one style which they admired the most, in view of the fact that it is the fashion just now, and everyone knows that personal feelings must often be ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of this all-powerful deity. Be that as it may, however, there is a collection of such furniture now on view at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore Street, which is calculated to delight the hearts of Chippendale lovers, and turn lukewarm admirers into enthusiastic partisans, especially as the prices make them not so much *articles de luxe* as genuine bargains. Take, for example, the delightful little group illustrated. The card-table is of satin-wood, delicately inlaid, the top, when closed, being in the shape of an outspread fan, the other half completing the round when it is required to be opened. And yet, perfectly finished off as it is, the price of this truly pretty thing is only £5 10s. Then the delightful grandfather clock, fashioned of antique oak, inlaid with mahogany, and having about it an old-world charm which most people would find irresistible, is marked at the very moderate price of £9 10s., and last, but by no means least, comes the really exquisite old easy-chair, for which anyone who once set eyes upon it would be only too glad to pay eight guineas. It is of very fine old carved rosewood, beautifully inlaid and engraved with brass, silver, and tortoise-shell, an uncommon but most effective combination. The seat and back are covered with ivory-tinted silk, brocaded with trails of flowers in tender, almost undefinable, tones of colour, and, altogether, this chair alone should be a sufficiently strong magnet to draw you all to Wigmore Street, and speedily, too, for it will certainly not remain there long.



A SMART VISITING COSTUME.

But Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, who have been for many months engaged in collecting beautiful and genuine Chippendale furniture, have not confined themselves to the more ordinary articles, but are also showing a great number of magnificently-proportioned wardrobes, which would safely store any number of the most elaborate

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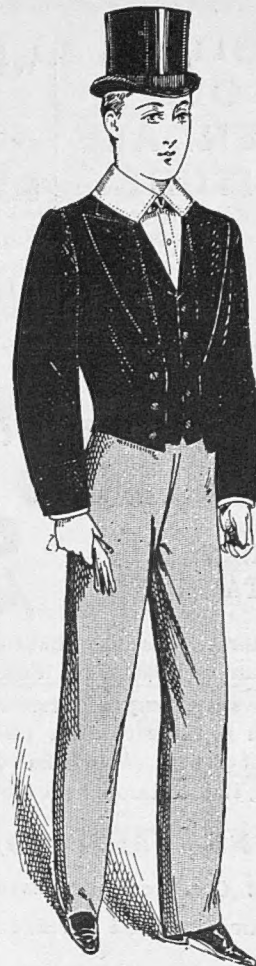
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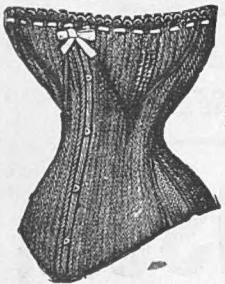
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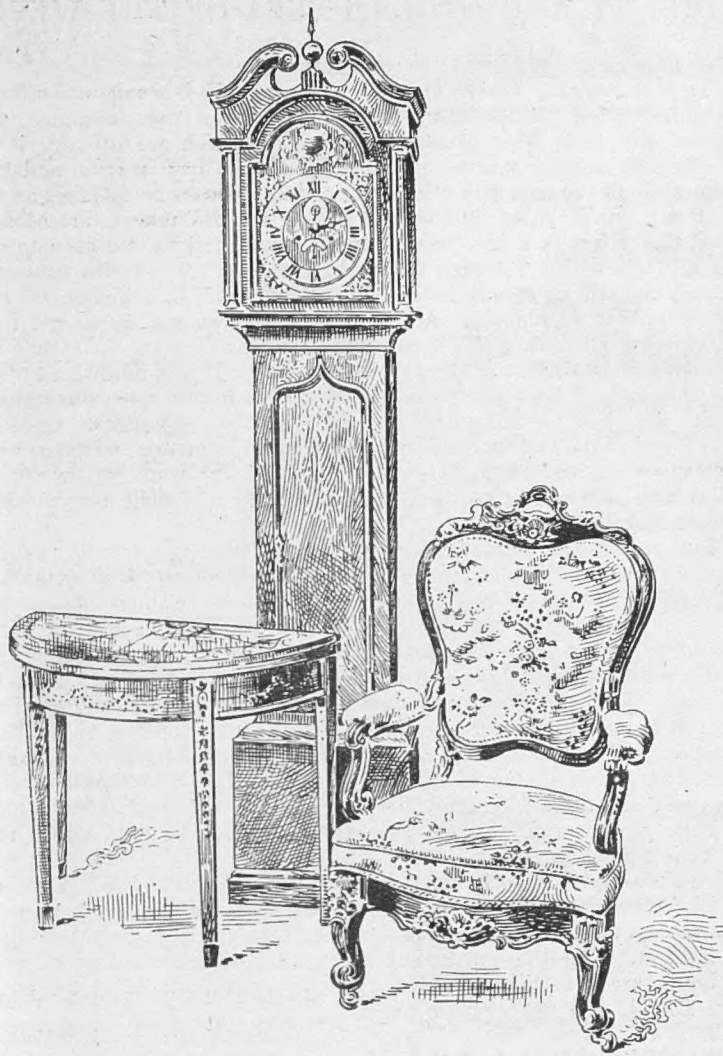


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gowns, and smaller ones, destined for the reception of the comparatively insignificant masculine garments. The prices range from eight to thirty-six pounds, so that everybody can be suited, let the depth of their purse be what it may. Chests of drawers are also well represented, and the sideboards, with their graceful outlines, and generally beautiful appearance, formed a special centre of attraction; I noticed, when I was looking round the capacious show-rooms where all these treasures are stored. I would also commend to your special notice a particularly handsome china cabinet in inlaid mahogany at £16 10s., and an inlaid



BEAUTIFUL CHIPPENDALE FURNITURE.

dwarf cabinet at ten guineas, a most fascinating writing-table of inlaid mahogany, fitted with a profusion of drawers, being wonderful value for £9 10s. As for the tables, their name is legion and their variety endless; but I noticed with special favour one which was intended to fit into a corner of a room, the space occupied being practically nominal, as, without a table of this kind, it would have been altogether wasted, though, at the same time, the expanse of the table itself was large enough to be of very practical use. So, altogether, you will see that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's collection—though any description of it is necessarily inadequate—is well worth a visit, as there are some delightful "bits" to be picked up, and it is, in addition, a genuine treat to see so many beautiful and quaint things brought together in one place. By-the-way, I was examining a piece of the brocade, yards upon yards of which were used by Messrs. Debenham for the redecoration of Drury Lane Theatre. It was the most beautiful fabric, in a deep shade of buttercup-yellow, the design being in a paler tone of the same colour.

"SERVIETTES, AND HOW TO FOLD THEM."

With the artistic arrangement of a dinner table elevated to the rank of a high art, as it undoubtedly is nowadays, the various little items which go towards making up a successful general effect become of vital importance. "Serviettes, and How to Fold Them," is a little book just published, with artistically-coloured illustrations, showing the appearance of the serviette when folded in a variety of forms, and, best of all, it enables you to imitate these illustrations accurately by means of very clear directions and simple diagrams. It is only in the natural fitness of things that this book on the treatment of serviettes should have been brought out by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, whose fame as manufacturers of household linen is world-wide, and who include any number of royal personages among their customers. Their damask serviettes are veritable things of beauty in themselves, and so deserve to be shown off to best advantage, as they will be if the instructions in this useful and attractive little book are followed out. It is published at one shilling, but Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver tell me that if any of my readers would like to have a copy, and will send threepence in stamps, they will receive one by return, while, on the other hand, a free copy will be presented to customers sending an order for goods to the value of ten shillings.

FLORENCE.

THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, people of a discriminating turn of mind—myself, for instance—found the Alhambra the most delightful place of entertainment in London. There it was that we spent our really happiest evenings, there that we really felt at home. That front-row stall which was always at my disposal, how thoroughly I appreciated its privileges, how regularly I occupied it! Old *habitués* tell me that my memory does not go far enough back to remember the best of Alhambra ballets; and, indeed, it is one of my serious regrets that I never saw "The Seasons." But for my part I was quite content with "Aladdin," and I should be quite satisfied to see another "Aladdin" on the boards again. I wonder how many times I saw that ballet, from that front-row stall and from behind the scenes? But we'll let that pass, as Dan Leno used to say, after Catullus—

*Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
Aut nequis malus invidere possit.*

Are those good old days finally over? I decline to believe it; but one's faith, it is true, continues to be the evidence of things not seen. It is not that I have changed in my feeling of affectionate regard for the Alhambra; it is that the Alhambra has put off its better self, and taken on some distressing disguise, under which one scarcely recognises the familiar lineaments. The later policy of the house, from the time that Mr. Hollingshead left it, has been, I confess, somewhat of a puzzle to me. The principle of the policy I certainly cannot understand; its effect is only too evident. That effect has been the alienation of its best supporters. The appeal of the Alhambra has been and must be to lovers of the ballet, and to these primarily. Lovers of the ballet become amateurs for many reasons: from abstract interest in dancing, from concrete interest in dancers, from a general liking for gorgeous spectacle, and from a real taste for the beauty of pictures in motion. But whether they are really guided by the highest æsthetical principles or not, all these very various persons are affected and delighted, invariably, by a good ballet; they are not likely to come twice to see such a performance as "Monkey Island," the serio-comic *divertissement* which was produced at the Alhambra on Monday, Sept. 24. Here we have a farcical, knockabout sketch, in which, taken as a sketch, there are a few really amusing episodes, such as the scene in which the monkeys imitate the sailor reading a book; while there is also an amount of scratching which is a little too realistic to be quite pleasant. But what attraction has this sort of thing for the people who really take an interest in the Alhambra? As a sketch, it cannot compare for a moment with a sketch of the Martinettis; as a ballet, it simply does not exist. The sight of an Italian *prima ballerina*, dressed as a male monkey, and scratching herself in front of the footlights, is not an agreeable one to those who really care for the dignity of the art of Italian ballet-dancing. Then there is no change of costume throughout the three *tableaux*, and there are practically only two dresses—the white sailor suits and the brown-and-grey monkey arrangements.

Neither of them is a graceful dress for a girl, both being quite arbitrary in what they accentuate and what they obscure in the female figure. In the whole action there are only two women dressed as women, and one of these merely appears in order to have the skirt of her dress torn off by a monkey. Signorina Cormani—who is an accomplished dancer, and, as an Italian friend, to whom I owe some of my instruction in these matters, assures me, with a certain *slancio*, or spring, about her—has practically nothing to do, and is only seen in the crowd of the *coryphées* and *corps de ballet*. The only person who stands out from the others, and is it all actively prominent, is Miss Julia Seale, who has a brilliant passage at arms, and, in company with a very clever little boy, Herbert Lamartine, a brilliant hornpipe. Miss Seale has an odd, pungent originality, which it would be difficult to hide, and she has been steadily working her way forward until she has come to be by far the most noticeable and interesting person on the Alhambra stage. But one good dancer, with only two distinct appearances of about five minutes each, cannot make or save a piece.

A. S.

THE LADY CYCLIST.

At the forthcoming council meeting of the National Cyclists' Union the following resolution will appear on the agenda—

That in order to discountenance cycle racing and record-breaking by women the handicappers, timekeepers, and judges of the N.C.U. be requested to refrain from handicapping, timing, or officiating in any way at any meeting where women are accepted as competitors, or where any woman takes part in a time trial. That the Union permit be refused for any meeting to be held under N.C.U. rules where women are allowed to compete, and that no record made by a woman be acknowledged by the Union.

Whatever fantastic tricks the New Woman may have played with conventional usages, she has not yet agreed to riding in a cycling path race. It is true that several females were recently discovered racing on a West of England track, but they must not be mentioned in the same breath with the New Woman of the period. The real New Woman, in her particular relation to sport, is not by any means anxious to vie with men on the cycling path. Her only desire is to reconcile the community to a rational dress, which shall be modest in design, and, of course, practical in effect, as the term well denotes. The National Cyclists' Union have, no doubt, been reading some of the American papers, in which are contained a number of highly-coloured reports dealing with feminine track-racing. On one of these occasions no fewer than three out of the ten competitors were married ladies.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 29, 1894.

There has been a decided hardening in Lombard Street rates this week, but the fact that six months' bills are still discounted at 1 per cent. shows that the market is no more sanguine than before as to the eventual course of money. If call loans rule at the moment around 1 per cent., it is simply because the turn of the quarter has come, with its customary demands in respect of rents, salaries, harvest requirements, and so on.

Silver continues to hang in the neighbourhood of 29½d., showing no inclination to dip under the figure, now that the overdone speculation in the metal has adjusted itself. Meanwhile, it is notable that Indian trade is looking up again, the sale of Council remittances this week having been very satisfactory. Last week the applications came to less than the 40 lacs of rupees offered, but this time the total of the tenders was 112½ lacs. There is no doubt that India is deriving a good deal of benefit from the Chino-Japanese War, the trade that used to pass between the two combatant countries being now diverted to our dependency. This should help both exchange and silver.

Mexican Sixes are advancing again, without waiting for silver to improve, Berlin coming in a buyer once more. There is less talk now of the interest being reduced to a silver basis, although the market was somewhat scared by the news that the Finance Minister proposed some juggling with the debt, the arrangement involving a compromise of various claims. It transpires, however, that this refers only to the miscellaneous assortment of internal loans, which Mr. Limantour very sensibly proposes to consolidate, and the suggestion is in no way a symptom of financial weakness.

Holders of Argentine provincial loans are rather in a quandary. They were hard at work negotiating settlements with the respective Governors, and were making, on the whole, satisfactory progress, when Dr. Terry, the National Finance Minister, has come forward and put a stop to it all, announcing that he proposes to unify all the provincial debts, and issue in their stead national bonds. In theory, this is an admirable idea, for most people would infinitely prefer to hold a direct Argentine Government bond rather than a provincial bond, as the former would be both more reliable and more marketable. But in practice the proposal raises all sorts of difficulties. The respective credits of the different provinces are on quite different bases, and the bondholders were striking the best bargains obtainable in each case; but now Dr. Terry comes and confuses the issue by throwing all the debts into one pot, and proposing to dilute the mixture considerably before proceeding to distribute the unsatisfactory meal. Feeling runs high in regard to this interference between debtor and creditor, and unless Dr. Terry makes his scheme very liberal he will be strenuously opposed.

A curious development has taken place in regard to the Central Pacific, a meeting having been called for Monday, Oct. 8, in order that the European stockholders may combine against their troubles, and, by appointing a committee, take steps to set the road on its feet again. The meeting has been called on a requisition by an imposing array of Stock Exchange firms, from which it may be inferred that Mr. C. P. Huntington will soon have his hands full of fighting; but it is almost incredible that the signatories should be able to fulfil their intention of sending out Sir Charles Rivers Wilson as their delegate to conduct negotiations with the United States Government and with the Southern Pacific. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson is Comptroller of the National Debt, and for him to mix himself up with the affairs of a private company is a departure from precedent so striking that we cannot but think the Government will interfere and forbid his acceptance of the office after all.

There is something peculiarly unfortunate about the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Of the five great American systems that have recently gone into receivers' hands it was the first, so that it has now been nearly two years in a state of acknowledged bankruptcy. Attempt after attempt has been made during that period to recognise its finances, but each effort has proved a fiasco. Yet another scheme has now been brought forward, and it has been granted the *imprimatur* of the receivers; but it has been greeted here with such a chorus of disapproval that it has already failure written on the face of it. All the big issuing houses are dead against it, while the arbitrage dealers, who wield so much power owing to the vast amount of stock registered in their names, have also set their faces like flints in opposition to it. We note this with satisfaction, for the proposal is unjust and absurd, as it plays fast and loose with mortgage rights. It is actually proposed to fund for five years the coupons on the first mortgage, the holders of the bonds being coolly asked not to foreclose for that period, although they are not receiving one penny of their interest in cash. When it was proposed some time ago to fund the coupons for two years (of which eighteen months was arrears) there was a great outcry, for a first mortgage has surely the right to cash, and the scheme was rejected. Disregarding the lesson, this infinitely worse proposal is now brought forward, and it will inevitably suffer the same fate. If the Reading cannot pay its first mortgage interest, how would it stand in 1898, with its fixed charges swollen by the funding of five years' interest?

Every few months we are assured that competition is so cutting into the business of J. and P. Coats that the company is going fast on the down grade; but each dividend declaration fails to confirm this adverse talk. The company has once more distributed 8 per cent., and carries as much as £200,000 to reserve, while writing £48,000 to depreciation, and carrying forward £36,000.

The rush of new Western Australian mining companies continues, and we hear that there are several more big ones yet to come—notably, the Hampton Plains, with a capital of £300,000. The market in Western Australian issues is active as ever, and prices continue to mount, but attention is no longer altogether absorbed by that section.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE KINSELLA GOLD MINES, LIMITED.—This company offered for subscription 25,000 shares of £1 each, and we consider the venture the first West Australian mine of which we can say it is a legitimate mining venture put forward on its own merits, and not making use of the names of other mines, in some cases many miles away, to attract public subscriptions. If mining experts' reports are of any value, this Kinsella mine should turn out well, and we are glad to see that £20,000 will be reserved for working capital. The board contains, at least, one mining expert in Mr. John McDonald, well known on the Charters Towers goldfield, and, on the whole, we are convinced that every person subscribing for shares will have a fair run for his money.

THE BAHIA CENTRAL SUGAR FACTORIES, LIMITED, offered £42,000 first mortgage debentures, bearing interest at 6 per cent. guaranteed by the Brazilian Government. In addition to the guarantee, there is a mortgage of the two factories belonging to the company, which appear from the valuations to be ample security. As the bonds are issued at a discount, they cannot be considered dear, and will yield nearly 7 per cent. to investors.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN EXPLORING AND FINANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED, has been formed "to carry out the usual objects of an exploring and finance" company, and is offering 150,000 £1 ordinary shares for subscription. The concern comes from the same stable as the West Australian goldfields, and has for its brokers Messrs. Haggard, Hale, and Pixley, who in the old days of the Queensland gold boom were brokers to the majority of the companies then floated. If the West Australian gold mania is going to continue, and the public are prepared to swallow properties at all sorts of fancy prices as fast as they are offered, there is no doubt that the shares of this corporation will be a profitable investment, and for those who are willing to take the risk, and perhaps half the large profits made sometimes by the promotion of gold mines, the chance is a good one.

THE NAKUSP AND SLOCAN RAILWAY COMPANY.—The Bank of British Columbia is offering £131,400 4 per cent. bonds of this railway, guaranteed by the Government of British Columbia, both as to principal and interest. The line is leased to the Canadian Pacific, but practically the bonds are a British Columbia 4 per cent. loan, which, at the issue price, £107½, does not appear a great catch.

BAYLEY'S WEST GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is offering 35,000 £1 shares for subscription. The prospectus is very bald, and the working capital, even if every share is placed and paid for, will be only £10,000, which is absurdly small, and we advise our readers to let the concern alone.

THE CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.—The capital is £90,000, of which £25,000 is offered in £1 shares. The property is situated on the Marble Bar goldfield, and the mine is said to be equipped with plant sufficient to treat 100 tons a week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. F. R.—Your letter did not reach us until too late for answer in last week's paper. (1) We have no special information as to this company or No. 3, but we think you might act on special inside information, if you can rely on your informant. We should not be inclined to recommend either of these concerns, as we do not feel over-sanguine of the future of the steel and iron trade. (2) A fair brewery investment. (4) The course of the market in these shares depends on the price of silver, as to which no man can speak with certainty.

CIVIL SERVANT.—We do not think you run much danger with these shares, and, as your holding is small, you might wait for an improvement. Chicago is suffering from great depression, and we expect the traffics will show a considerable falling off as compared with last year. We would suggest Bank of New Zealand Estates 5½ per cent. debentures as an investment not liable to much fluctuation and producing about the same interest. Your letter reached us too late for last week's paper.

M. S. P.—These so-called preference shares are little better than ordinary stock. The last dividend in cash was paid in April, 1892, and in October of that year a dividend in scrip was paid. The company issue reports. Write to Vivian, Gray, and Co., 10, Throgmorton Avenue, and ask them, as London correspondents of the company, if they will send you a copy of the last report, made up to Dec. 31 last. As executor, we should advise you that you should realise on the first little rise in the American market.

SAMBO.—You had better make the best of a bad bargain, and join the reconstructed Moore and Burgess Company. The bank you inquire about is, we believe, quite sound—at any rate, there is not the smallest reason for you to shift your account.

C. C.—Neither the shares nor debentures of the companies you name are known on the London market. Ask your bankers to inquire of their Birmingham and Newcastle correspondents, or, if you will send us the inquiry fee of five shillings, we will find out all we can for you. Try your bankers first.

W. C.—We are sorry we cannot execute commissions for you, as the proprietors of *The Sketch* object. The firm whose name we have sent you will, we hope, do as well.

W. McM.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of your postal order, and hope our private letter has reached you in due course.

SIDNEY.—We can take no notice of inquiries when the full name of the inquirer is withheld.

ARGENTINE.—We prefer to answer your letter privately.